

ORONET

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ARE YOU FIT FOR MARRIAGE?

a special article with quizzes for husbands-and-wives-to-be


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Cover Girl Marion Whitney's sunny smile contradicts the April showers theme, and brings to mind instead the burgeoning of spring blossoms! Highlight of her bright career was the 20-thousand mile trip she made through South American skies as a Pan-American "good will ambassador—" and we're convinced that she played an important part in cementing friendly relations with our friends to the South. Photograph by Robert Sosenko.

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Gift
Virginia Tilbbs
4-14-44

Remember the beanstalk of nursery lore? In the
fabulous world of tomorrow, such unbelievable growth
will be a fact, thanks to the science of chemurgy



Chemurgy Improves on Nature

by WHEELER McMILLEN

SO YOU DO like cabbage? You admit its vitamins and minerals are good for you and you ought to eat more of it—but you just can't stand the way it perfumes up the house . . .

Well, what is your favorite scent—attar of roses, honeysuckle or plain celery? Just make your choice, put up enough for research, and the farm chemurgists will grow a cabbage to your specifications. They can change its color and taste and within limits, prescribe its mineral, vitamin, sugar, salts and other contents.

Within a short time after the war you may see bananas and papaya growing in temperate zone backyards. You may eat peas as big as potatoes, watermelons as small as olives and fruits and vegetables grown on plants now listed as noxious weeds.

You may even designate a variety of flavors when you buy beef, lamb, mutton or poultry. These built-in fla-

vors may be as distinct as the difference between the game, oily taste of a wild duck subsisting on fish, and that of fowl, from a region of wild celery flats. Farmers have been increasing the weight of steers for generations by feeding them corn. Simultaneously, this process also changes the flavor and texture of the meat.

Chemurgy is an ideal name for these processes since its parent words explain its basic principle. It is derived from quem or chemi, an ancient Egyptian word, and from ergon, a Greek term used by physicists to denote energy.

There are records to show that chemurgy has been practiced in agriculture since 170 B.C., when Cato in his treatise on Roman agriculture reported a method of separating the starch from other ingredients of grain.

A certain famous industrialist who early saw the industrial value of soy

beans in the production of lacquers, drying oils and plastics became so enthusiastic about chemurgy more than 20 years ago that some people thought he was cracked. He predicted that coming generations would wonder why their ancestors once dug for coal and drilled for petroleum, when sun, rain, air and land surface could have produced these necessities far more abundantly.

He also prophesied that some day food would be a by-product, so cheap it could be given away. At that time we were raising a half billion bushels of corn for food, chiefly to fatten animals. A trifle of the crop went into starches and other industrial corn products. Turn that picture around, said the prophet, develop the market and produce a five billion bushel crop for industrial uses. The proportion grown for food would then become the trifle, he declared.

Employing principles of chemurgy, a Philadelphia seedsman decided to rid nasturtiums of their scent. He planted 40 acres of all known varieties of this plant. When they started to flower he hired college students to look for what geneticists call a "sport" among the rows of flowers. In the business of breeding any plant or animal, a "sport" is a deviation from the normal. One nasturtium without a trace of odor finally was found—one among millions.

The seeds bred from that plant are available on the market now. Furthermore, it's inversely true that if you are able to subtract a floral scent by chemurgy, you can also add one.

Again, if you can find or teach a plant to stand a slight frost, you can breed it to grow or stay alive during a severe freeze.

With seeds from the Soviet, the Emergency Rubber Project under the United States Forest Service has produced enough seed on the Klamath Project in Oregon and California to plant as much land as we can find labor for next year. We're doing it and so is Canada with the Kok-Sagyz, a rubber-producing plant which is commonly known as the Russian dandelion. The plant was discovered in 1931 growing wild near the Russo-Chinese border. At present, Russia has a couple of million acres under cultivation, yielding a crop of more than two hundred pounds of pure rubber per acre.

FOR MANY YEARS goldenrod has been talked about as a potential source of rubber. Though this has not come to pass, we are gathering another nuisance plant—milkweed—for a tremendously important purpose today.

A Chicago chemurgist, looking for a plant with long, tough roots which could be used to check soil erosion, examined milkweed plants. He put some of the floss under his microscope and discovered that the so-called fiber or thread is really an air-tight tube. Immersing a fistful of the floss in water, he found that it is also water-tight and non-absorbent, and that it floats.

Milkweed is now being grown on thousands of acres in northern Michigan primarily for use for life preserver stuffing. It is much lighter than

the expensive cork we used to import. Therefore a smaller jacket does the trick. Other products of the weed are also being used in quantity as a substitute for kapok, formerly imported.

Chemurgy seeks not only to find industrial uses for the big staple crops of which we once had surpluses, but also to locate new crops for American farms and new uses for the waste products. Despite our progress in agriculture, we have been unconscionably slow in making use of the earth's abundance. Half the weight of everything harvested in this country is plowed under, thrown away or burned.

That's nearly half a billion tons of material. It includes a lot of sawdust, leaves, stalks, stems and roots. But it also includes 25 million bushels of sub-standard apples and 10 million pounds of low grade tobacco. Chemurgy has found a way to utilize these waste products. The apples are being used in ever increasing quantities to make apple syrup. From the poisonous nicotine of the waste tobacco a southern research laboratory is extracting, among other items, the valuable vitamin, niacin.

In chemurgy a discovery may often be adopted by other fields. The growers of the best tobaccos were stymied when imports of the glycerin used for processing began to shrink. They heard about the apple syrup. Now it has proved better and more efficacious than the imported product.

Surprisingly, cotton now is being used to pave macadam highways. A layer of cotton cloth gives the macadam road more elasticity and greater

permanence. Another innovation is a synthetic resin extracted from Southern slash pine which is employed to make concrete roads resistant to freezing and thawing. It also helps protect these thoroughfares from the damaging effect of chloride salts which are often used to remove ice.

My necktie is made in part of casein from skim milk. The fibers in the felt hat you purchased recently may also have come from milk. Once we imported rabbit skins from northern Europe to get the fur for felt. The new product of chemurgy is a substitute but it is more durable, as water-resistant and just as good looking as its forerunner.

WHEN THE WAR is over, few will think of buying wood in its unfinished natural state for furniture, paneling or structural purposes. You'll demand exploded wood—lighter, harder, as impervious to expansion, contraction and distortion caused by moisture and temperature changes as many metals, and much more attractive looking. What's more, it will take and hold a higher finish.

This product of chemurgy is now being used to make the inner and outer walls of what our soldiers from the Solomons to the Aleutians call the Pacific Hut. It is used in the portable laundry, shower and other facilities of our armed forces. It houses radio equipment. Though you can't buy it now for civilian use, it was used in pre-war days for refrigerator surfaces, wall-panelling and for a large variety of office equipment and furnishings.

It is interesting to note that this product is being made out of waste wood at Laurel, Mississippi—sometimes called the chemurgic city. In its first full year of operation the plant did a brisk business involving 20 million square feet of board. That was in 1927. In 1942 shipments increased more than 2,500 per cent. This year they are a military secret.

But that isn't all. Laurel got so interested in the possibility of creating other chemurgic products that it now has dozens of them. Farmers for miles around, for example, are getting profitable returns for sweet potatoes bred to produce high yields of starch with special qualities.

Chemurgy was moving ahead with terrific rapidity before the war. Now the war has made that rapid pace look like slow motion. For the present, a research chemist's discoveries come under the heading of military secrets.

One hesitates to make predictions concerning the future of this vast power for human well-being. A few months ago, I learned that our geneticists had succeeded in up-breeding the oat to the point where it was yielding 20 per cent of furfural, instead of the original seven found in oat hulls. Furfural is a chemical with innumerable uses.

A drug called colchicine is applied by chemurgists to the seeds of certain plants. These treated seeds produce plants which are twice the size of the plant original. All seeds and buds have hibernating periods of varying lengths. Upon the application of certain liquid nutrients to them they

wake up and start growing overnight.

Tomato and other plants have been induced to grow upside down. A touch of the right chemical combination to a bud on the stalk, and out grows a root instead of a branch. Other drugs will put a plant to sleep until the chemurgist wants to awaken it. The bud of a gardenia kept in cold storage for weeks can be made to bloom in a few hours by sticking its stem into water fortified with nutrients.

In 1938—three years after the National Farm Chemurgic Council was founded—Congress voted four million dollars to establish four laboratories for chemurgic research. They are located at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Peoria, Illinois, and Albany, California. Each was assigned the study of specific crops or dairy products of which there had been surpluses. Last August W. W. Skinner, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural and Industrial Chemistry in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, reported that more than one thousand employes, over half of whom are highly trained chemists, were at work on some 150 projects related directly or indirectly to the war effort.

ALL OF THESE, and countless other research projects, will be turned toward the developing of new commercial and industrial products when peace comes. It's difficult to imagine what will happen to plant life when electronics swings the invisible rays of its miracle-working tubes on seeds.

However, it's safe to predict that what has recently been learned about

super-frequencies will be applied to speed up plant life. If this happens, a 200 year oak may be grown in a week.

It doesn't require much foresight to realize that postwar planners can

do much to promote peace, human happiness and the brotherhood of man, if they realize that chemurgy can produce more than enough food, comfort and security to go 'round.

Reverberations on the Home Front

■ A jittery woman, whose husband was about to be reclassified for induction into the Army, fainted when her little son came home from kindergarten one afternoon and announced:

"Mother, I was just put into 1A."

—ERNEST FLEISCHER

■ It was at a party in the nation's capital. A group of Army and Navy people had drawn together and, as usual, the conversation turned to their mutual misfortune in having been assigned to the District. Loud were the grousing at housing conditions, supposedly inadequate transportation facilities, crowded restaurants and the high cost of living.

Suddenly a captain broke in to announce that he had been ordered to active duty. There was a brief silence, interrupted by the exasperated voice of a fellow officer:

"Dammit, Fred, why don't you stay in Washington and fight it out like a man!"

—RUTH CRONE

■ ANNOYED BECAUSE he was still waiting some months after placing a big order, a retailer wired his manufacturer, "Please cancel my order immediately."

Back came the answer, "Regret. Cannot cancel immediately. You must take your turn."

—MARGIE SHANNON

■ SOME MONTHS HAD PASSED since young Donald Montooth of Fort Wayne, Indiana, had offered his dog "Collie" to the armed forces. One day he received an official letter from the War Department. With all the dignity and solace accorded to any letter notifying next of kin, the message read:

"It is with sincere regret that we must inform you your dog Collie died in the line of duty as a soldier. We share with you the grief pursuant to the loss of your pet . . .

"Our only comfort lies in the fact that every possible care and treatment is accorded the fine animals in our charge; that our veterinarians are of the Army's finest; and that nothing that could have been done, was left undone."

—C. D. WAGONER

The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



WITH A FREE day ahead, a U. S. Army colonel in Australia decided to go on a kangaroo hunt. Armed with his favorite rifle, he climbed into the back of his jeep and instructed the young colored driver to take off across the prairie. Puzzled but obedient, the Georgia soldier followed the directions, and in short order they were in hot pursuit of a large buck kangaroo in full flight. The chase had proceeded for some 15 minutes, with the jeep lurching and plunging over the rough terrain, when the driver yelled back:

"Colonel, there ain't no use in us chasin' that thing!"

"What do you mean, Sam?" shouted the colonel.

"Well, suh," returned the Georgia boy, "we is doin' 65 now and that darn critter ain't put his front feet down yet!" —CAPTAIN DONALD L. ALEN

Tampa, Fla.

LITTLE 14-year-old Janie was dressing for her first date. Her mother had come into the room to give her some last-minute advice.

"Look, dear, when you're walking home from the dance Petie will probably say, 'Let me hold your hand.' Then in a little while he'll say, 'Let me put my arm around you.' After that he may say, 'Put your head

on my shoulder.' And there, dear, is when I'm going to begin to worry about you."

Petie arrived at this point and the young couple set out for the dance.

When Janie arrived home that evening, her mother was waiting. "You sure do know boys, Mother," commented Janie. "Petie did everything you said he would, but when he came to 'Put your head on my shoulder' I said, 'No I don't, Petie. You put your head on *my* shoulder and let *your* mother start worrying!'"

—MRS. J. C. PEEL
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

IT WAS AT Mt. Wilson Observatory. A distinguished scientist was scanning the heavens through the huge telescope. Intent upon the sight, he remarked to his colleagues without turning his head, "It's going to rain."

"What makes you think so?" queried a brother scientist.

Still peering at the heavens, the astronomer returned:

"Because my corns hurt!"

—LEONARD LYONS
Columnist

MCCARTHY, very green and very Irish, had discovered in civilian life that bluff often covered an enormous stupidity. So when the

sergeant asked whether he could drive a truck, the burly fellow answered, "And to be shure I can."

"Okay," snapped the three-striper, "put that truck into the garage."

Mac swaggered over and climbed in under the sergeant's watchful eyes. The motor was softly purring—and he had watched others shift gears. With a grind and a jolt, the car lurched crazily towards the open doors of the garage.

Taken aback at the abrupt reaction, Mac shifted gears desperately just as the truck reached the far wall. With a jerk, it bounced backwards and out again. Three times he had it in and three times out again.

Purple with wrath, the sergeant puffed across the lot. "You fool!" he shouted, "I thought you said you could drive!"

"Faith and I can," was the cocky reply. "I've had it in there three times. Why'nthehell don't you shut the door!"

—HOWARD FALK
Newark, N. J.

NOT LONG AGO, a student at a large midwestern university found himself without a required theme, and at the last minute solved the problem by copying, verbatim, an old composition taken from the fraternity files.

A week later, the paper was returned marked "A," but attached was a terse note requesting the student to call at the professor's office. Fearing the worst, the lad reluctantly made his way to the interview.

The professor was abrupt and to the point. "Fifteen years ago when I

wrote this composition, I received a 'C'. But you have my frank opinion—I always thought it was worth an 'A'."

—R. BRUCE DEAM
St. Louis, Mo.

YOUNG ANGUS had been out late with his girl. When he reached home he found his father waiting up for him. "Have you been out with that lassie again?" asked the old man.

"Aye, Father, but why do you look so worried?" replied Angus.

"I was just wondering how much the evening cost," he responded.

"No more than half a crown."

"Aye? That was not so much."

"No, Father, but it was all she had."

—ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
Motion Picture Producer

ATTENDING A MOVIE at one of the Broadway picture palaces, a soldier was taken in hand by a reluctant usher who led him skyward on ramp after ramp to the top balcony, where he stopped and pointed upwards into the darkness:

"You'll find a seat up there somewhere. This is as far as I go. Above this level my nose bleeds!"

—HERMAN HOROWITZ
Yonkers, N. Y.

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in *The Best I Know* or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: *The Best I Know*, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird.

Come wars or revolution, Bolivian Simon Patiño still rules the earth's tin empire—an enigmatic figure rich beyond belief, a super-government in himself



Tin Man of the Andes

by MONA GARDNER

ASK THE NEXT person you meet who Simón Ituri Patiño is and you'll probably get a blank look. Yet this 82-year-old Bolivian wields a glittering mineral scepter over every American home.

Described variously as "the Croesus of the Andes," "the Tin Octopus" and other less printable terms, he is the world Tin King—with mountains of ore and vast smelters as his kingdom. As subjects he has every individual who opens a tin can, turns on electric lights, or shoots a gun.

For 82 years now, from the moment of his birth to his present intricate machinations with the world's tin supply, men have tried to sift the facts from the fable of his life.

In one breath you hear it told that Patiño financed Franco's regime, was palsy-walsy enough with one Mussolini to call him "Mi Musso," and openly admired Herr Schiklgruber.

Still, when it came to letting contracts for all his tin deliveries, he deliberately chose Great Britain—until the war and 1940 shifted tin smelting to the United States. The squat, swarthy enigma vows his eternal devotion to hemisphere defense in the Americas. Whereupon skeptics count up the pro-Nazis in Bolivia who are his friends.

It is, however, substantial fact that Patiño Mines Enterprises, Consolidated, (a U.S. corporation) owns 51 per cent of Bolivia's tin production, controls Williams, Harvey, Ltd., (the largest smelting company in Great Britain) and, before the Japanese occupied Malaya, had extremely important holdings in Malayan mines and smelters. It also owns and operates a Bolivian newspaper and the Union Railway of Bolivia, while Senor Patiño himself is the sole owner of the Mercantile Bank of Bolivia.

It is also a substantial fact that,

with a fortune estimated between 400 million and 500 million dollars, the elderly Patiño has done almost nothing to relieve the misery of his wretchedly poor fellow Bolivians.

In 20 years he hasn't set foot in his native country. Instead Patiño has had himself and his eldest son created tax-exempt diplomats accredited to France and Great Britain. From his residence in New York, a goodly part of the Waldorf-Astoria's 40th floor, he has until recently served as Bolivia's ambassador to Vichy. Two years ago, to save his five children from a whopping inheritance tax, he divided his monumental fortune between them for immediate inheritance, keeping for himself a mere home in Paris, a villa in Biarritz and two houses in Bolivia. The income from some 30 thousand shares in an electric light company in Cochabamba Valley was his gift to public welfare.

EVEN HIS EARLY history is a neck-and-neck tie between two versions which flatly contradict each other.

The favorite—with everyone but Patiño himself—has it that he was born one more of the three million *cholos* (mixed Indian and Spanish parentage) who scratch out a miserable existence on Bolivia's high wastelands. Self-educated, he is supposed to have done some bookkeeping in La Paz and then to have clerked for 20 years in a mining supply store run by a German. Behind his counter he heard, year after year, the stories of how Spaniards had made fabulous fortunes from minerals.

No doubt he was fired by these, for when a soft-tongued prospector, who owed the store 250 dollars, described a mine full of curious ore the color of moonlight, the grubby little clerk readily accepted title to the mine in payment for the debt. His employer, however, who preferred cash to day dreams, promptly fired him.

This set the clerk Patiño up in the tin business. He and his wife, the daughter of a peddler, made their way with a few blankets and cooking utensils to the mine, high up on the cold, treeless *altiplano*. There, at 13 thousand feet, under the fiercely blue Andean skies, they set up camp, digging at the strange ore with their own hands. By wheelbarrow they trundled it down to a place where it could be loaded on llama trains and so transported farther down on its way to the coast for export. It was years of back-breaking labor before they were able to afford even rudimentary machinery.

Then everything happened at once—the Patiños uncovered a rich vein, bought modern equipment, put their money into more ground and built a short railroad to consolidate their mines. Also, they found their moonlight-colored ore wasn't just a fad. It was a product greatly needed by a metal-hungry Europe where the tin mines of Cornwall, Germany and Czechoslovakia were running out.

The Patiño-authorized version of all this—which wasn't published until some 40 years after the other had been circulating freely—claims he was the child of well-to-do Spanish

parents, was educated in expensive private schools and at the college in Cochobamba. Instead of happening by chance on the tin business, it credits him with executive positions with such mining firms as *Compania Hunanchaca de Bolivia*. It also bestows the Spanish title of *don* upon him.

At any rate by 1910 Patiño was selling tin to Europe hand over fist. Two years later he was sinking another two million into undeveloped mines, and so acquired Llallagua, reputedly the richest of Bolivian tin mines. By 1924 he was considered one of the five richest men in the world. He owned more than half of the swollen Bolivian output, had sold 10 per cent of it to The National Lead Company of the United States, and had begun to diversify his own stake by acquiring tin holdings in Malaya, Siam and Borneo and smelter shares in Penang, Great Britain, Germany, France and Czechoslovakia.

Meanwhile his fame spread as a party-giver. In Biarritz, Paris, Monte Carlo, the Lido, Cuba, Florida—in fact, in all the gay places of this world—it was *his* champagne breakfasts, *his* yachting parties, *his* fancy dress balls that were gossiped about.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this, he returned with much fanfare to Bolivia, bent upon becoming—so he confided to the press—the benefactor of his people. At a cost of 10 million dollars he built himself three stupendous mansions (the one at Cochobamba, created two choice garden spots in the desolate tin mining country outside Oruro) and filled them with

Gobelins, Renaissance ceilings, marble bathrooms, gold faucets and damask-hung walls. Whereupon he was ready to dispense philanthropy.

This philanthropy might have taken the form of roads in a country that is practically roadless or schools where illiteracy runs 82 per cent. It might have been an enlightened agricultural program for a nation which imports 75 per cent of its food; or it might very well have been medicines and hospitals for tens of thousands of gaunt, starving *cholos*, whose life expectancy is 33 years at most and who are so weary with their lot they perpetually chew a cud of coca leaves for the numbing release of cocaine. However, when the name of Patiño was presented for membership in a social club at Cochobamba, a handful of Spanish Brahmins black-balled it. Patiño considered this a sufficient affront to leave Bolivia forthwith, never to return from that day to this. His explanation has it that the altitude proved bad for him.

Since that time he has established two small monuments of gratitude to the land that has paid him so munificently—a model cattle-breeding ranch in his native Cochobamba Valley where cattle-raising and dairy-farming are taught free to anyone who comes; and a foundation to assist a handful of Bolivian students studying in universities abroad.

Patiño was appointed Bolivian Minister to Spain in 1922, where he settled with a battalion of relations for a number of years. But while the Cochobamba scions of Old Spain

carefully guarded themselves from any contact with Inca blood, certain Spanish grandees did not seem to share the prejudice. Patiño's eldest son, Antenor, married the daughter of the Bourbon Duchess de Durcal, thereby becoming a nephew by marriage of the late King Alfonso.

Shortly after, the beauteous Elena Patiño became the wife of the Spanish grandee, Marques del Mérito, while Luzmila married the French Count Guy du Boisrouvray. Only one of the children, Graciela, married a Bolivian, Jorge Linares, an industrial tycoon. Each of the three is reported to have received a marriage dowry of a million and a half.

From the Spanish post, Patiño was credited as Minister to France. He set up shop in a magnificent Moorish pile on Avenue Foch in Paris, and in an alcove off his study kept an electrically-lighted model, complete with exposed shafts, of his famous Llallaga tin mine to show to visitors. In true Patiño pattern, Antenor was in time appointed to the tax-exempt post of Minister to the Court of St. James in London. People who are fond of computing such items guess the "diplomat in transit" status saves father and son something like a million dollars in taxes.

The operation of vast holdings by an absentee landlord has led to some strange doings. Once, after soldiers had put down a strike of miners who were asking 10 cents more a day, Patiño, overcome with genial benevolence, cabled to his Bolivian manager: "Cause to be opened the doors of my

house so the miners can feast their eyes on the art beauties it contains." The barefooted, half-starved Indians traipsed through the sculptured halls, stared at the Renaissance gilding, but instead of bowing themselves out with dutiful gratitude, paused long enough to scribble raucous verses and cartoons on the richly chaste walls. The palace doors banged shut to remain so since.

DURING THE savage Chaco hostilities which flared from '28 to '35 over boundaries between Bolivia and Paraguay, it is told that Patiño, owning a sizeable block of stock in the Schneider-Creusot Arms Company, allowed guns to be sold officially to both armies, although tens of thousands of his countrymen were killed in the clashes. The usual contradictory evidence that crops up about each Patiño story has it that he footed the bill for Bolivia in the 195 million-dollar war—which, as any businessman will point out, is far from a business-like price to gamble on a narrow strip of swampy jungle.

After the Chaco War, Bolivia was unable to meet its quota of tin production, due to loss of manpower. The following year Bolivia found its quota scaled down some 15 per cent by the international tin cartel. Many blamed Patiño for this—since he was a member of the cartel—and resented his restricting production of an export that largely finances the country's yearly purchases of food. In 1939, for instance, Bolivia only mined 27 thousand tons of tin concentrates, when potential production was 50 thousand.

this restriction later had a crucial effect on the amount of tin that was immediately available to us when the United States went to war.

Until Japan snatched Singapore, Bolivian tin was shipped to Liverpool, smelted, and reshipped to the United States. It went this roundabout way because Patiño spread the word that Bolivia's low-grade ore was too costly to mine unless it was mixed in the smelting with a certain percentage of high-grade Malayan tin. A pilot smelter plant, just built in Texas by the Metal Reserve Corporation, has disproved this completely.

About a year ago the Patiño mines were the seething center of a combined strike and attempted political coup. Nineteen people were killed and 30 wounded by the Peñaranda regime when the miners demanded a 100 per cent boost of their substandard 24 to 25 cents a day wages. Whereupon the government promptly declared a state of siege, and arrested the ringleader, describing him as a Nazi spy. The Pan-American Union forthwith dispatched an investigator down to the mines for a first hand report. He laid the blame squarely on

the Bolivian Congress which had failed to approve a labor code it had previously promised. This report might seem to absolve Patiño, except for the fact that Patiño and the government were practically synonymous.

To make the record even more involved, Germán Busch, the Bolivian dictator, was found dead several years ago under mysterious circumstances, just after he attempted a bold move against the Patiño interests by decreeing state control of tin exports. The decree is still in effect, needing an American smelter to make it effective. Now that one has been built in Texas, some observers prophecy that the way is clear to deliver Bolivia from its feudal bondage.

What effect the recent Bolivian revolution will have on Patiño and his kingdom remains to be seen, though the revolutionary junta loudly proclaimed its opposition to the country's tin kings, playing on the very real grievances of the mine workers.

Meanwhile, friends in this country who know Patiño best are inclined to argue that he is neither pro-Fascist, nor pro-Allied, nor pro-Bolivian.

He's just pro-Patiño.

Innocent Bystanders

HAVING WATCHED AT LEAST four separate campaigns see-saw past their tents, the Bedouins of North Africa quite frankly had become a little bored. Their attitude was pretty well typified by the sick Arab who presented himself at an American medical tent, bearing a note from the Nazi Medical Officer who had just evacuated.

"This man is suffered from hives. I have been treating him with (so and so) and recommend that you continue the formula."

—MAJOR VINCENT WILBER

Radio comedy writers know that the presence of a government message greatly enhances the entertainment value of every funny show going



There's Teeth in Wartime Humor

by A. S. BURROWS

THE FIELD of radio has proved humor a tremendous social weapon. The radio comedy writer commands the largest audience in the world of entertainment. A candid appraisal of the job he is doing may lead to a clear understanding of how to do that job better—which is to say, win the war quicker and make the peace wiser.

The Fibber McGee and Molly program has an average listening audience of about 40 million people every Tuesday night. Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Charlie McCarthy have about the same. On the other hand, "Information Please" averages around 15 million, and William Robson's magnificent "Man Behind the Gun" about eight million. In other words, if you want to tell a lot of people something about the war in a hurry, give the message to a comedian.

Listeners regard their radio fa-

vorites as friends. There must be millions of folk who feel they know Jack Benny or Bing Crosby as well as they know their nearest neighbors. And commercial sponsors have taken full advantage of this sentiment to build a tremendous loyalty to their soaps, toothpastes and what not.

But this is war. If a radio star can sell soap, he can also sell win-the-war behavior. And he is doing it, week in and week out. Just how effective a job radio is doing is well demonstrated by the occasional accident. For instance, a few months ago Bing Crosby, in an appeal to girls to enlist in the WAVES, made an error in the age limits acceptable in the service. Next day the Navy was flooded with candidates who were not acceptable; the flood was tremendous.

Given this vast audience, what have the writers of radio comedy done with their opportunity? In the first few

hectic weeks after Pearl Harbor, radio war humor was inevitably of the flag waving, chauvinistic variety. Here is a typical bit:

A: Perhaps you could tell me where I could get a globe of the world.

B: You want one with Japan on it?

A: Of course.

B: Then you'd better get one quick!

That's a fair sample of early wartime radio wagery which took no account of reality. We were to learn, finally, that we were involved in a conflict of vast dimensions and of frightening duration.

When gasoline rationing caught up with us, it was handled on the air—first badly and then well. Bad handling of the problem is illustrated by the following joke:

STRAIGHT MAN: Seriously, everybody should be prepared in case of an air raid . . . You know what to do when a blackout comes, don't you?

COMEDIAN: Sure . . . run out and siphon parked cars!

STRAIGHT MAN: Don't tell me you siphon gasoline from parked cars?

COMEDIAN: Listen . . . during the last blackout I siphoned so many gas tanks, I was lighting a match when I accidentally burped and The Lights Went On Again All Over the World!

This joke undermines the government's serious campaign to build a public feeling of moral support for the gas rationing program. It suggests that rationing is just a game whose object is to outsmart the government.

Proper handling of the same question occurred in the Fibber McGee program, which put over the correct point of view in half an hour.

For the show, writer Don Quinn used his usual format, but his continuity thread was Fibber McGee's firm conviction that he personally deserved better than an A-book of gasoline coupons. Bumptiously he presented his claim to all who would listen—only to be told off by each of them. In the final scene with Mayor La Trivia, he learned the Mayor was leaving town to join the Coast Guard, and was shamed into realizing the importance of the war and the absurdity of his own behavior.

The message was given further force by an after piece in which Jim Jordan, who plays Fibber, stepped out of character and said goodbye to La Trivia, who was indeed leaving the cast to join the Coast Guard.

Here, then, was a remarkable example of the way in which radio can use its own forms, and even its own difficulties, to handle a government message. The program was funny as always and yet, according to Rubber

As author of the popular radio show, Duffy's Tavern, A. S. Burrows is a competent spokesman on the subject of radio comedy. Besides writing and producing Duffy's, he is a member of the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization, an organization created the day after Pearl Harbor for the purpose of pooling the talents of writers to fill war needs. This active group provides scripts for Hollywood stars who take part in bond rallies, long and short-wave broadcasts, morale and recruiting shorts, service camp productions, the Red Cross, United Nations Relief, War Loan Drives, etc. Recently, the organization helped sponsor the Writers' Congress, at which two thousand writers and allied craftsmen clarified their function and obligation to a world at war.

Czar Jeffers, its effect was immediately perceptible in lessened resistance to gas rationing regulations.

Other programs have done good jobs in other ways. A successful bond-selling program was built around a situation in which the comedian, because of a personal grudge, refused to take part in a local bond drive. He met a woman who was sacrificing so much to back the attack that he experienced a change of heart, buried his grudge and made a stirring appeal to his fellow citizens.

COMEDY PROGRAMS made up of a series of loosely connected topical jokes get their laughs at the expense of the war effort more frequently than do the story types of humorous shows. The out-and-out gag programs require an enormous number of jokes to fill a half hour and are necessarily dependent on topical jokes based on what is current in the news. Their writers, therefore, find it difficult to avoid using jokes about the draft board, food shortages, the black market and so on. Yet it's difficult to make a joke on these subjects that is not destructive.

Even on such programs, however, the writers, the producers and the stars have become more aware of the necessity for paying attention to the question of content. Constant, documented pressure from the OWI Radio Bureau has been a big factor in this change. The OWI Allocation Plan has given these people a sense of participation in the struggle, and thus made them feel more war-conscious.

On programs where the star delivers a war message with sincerity and effectiveness, this very act tends to increase the comedian's stature with his listeners, and likewise the popularity of the program. It may not be an accident that the Fibber McGee and Molly program, which is generally conceded in the industry to have done the best job in carrying war messages, was also the most popular program on the air during 1943.

One of the most important problems which confronts the comedy writer is that of racial minorities. Throughout the ages humorists have played a tremendous part in building up barriers between races. Within the last few years however, there has been a decrease in this type of humor. Part has resulted from pressure on commercial sponsors by the various maligned racial groups. A great deal of it, though, is due to the radio comedy writer's growing realization that in wartime he cannot afford to create racial disunity. On such shows as "The Great Gildersleeve," "Duffy's Tavern" and Fred Allen's program, racial comedy stereotypes are carefully handled.

Today the comedy writer is faced with the responsibility of using carefully the powerful weapon which he possesses. The violator of wartime rules, the OPA cheat and the non-payer of income tax must be the goats and the villains of his jokes, not the heroes. Enemies must be mocked in such a fashion that they still appear formidable foes, and not push-overs. Thus can the comedian hasten the return of unrestrained laughter.

*While his would-be murderers gnashed their teeth,
Mr. Malloy washed down ground tin sandwiches
with jiggers of anti-freeze—and refused to die*



The Indestructible Mr. Malloy

by ALAN HYND

ON A marrow-chilling night in mid-December, 1932, a piece of human flotsam known as Old Mike Malloy shuffled into Tony Marino's speakeasy on Third Avenue in the Bronx. Mr. Malloy, who was in the fourth decade of a marathon bender, was blissfully oblivious of the fact that he had, not an hour before, been nominated as the victim in a murder plot that was to become a classic in the annals of crime.

Bronx competition being what it was, Tony Marino's filthy hole-in-the-wall hadn't been paying off for some time. So Tony had taken to murder.

The first homicide plot of his authorship had been successfully concluded not long before. He had taken out a 1,500-dollar insurance policy on a tippling hairdresser named Maybelle Carlson, had seen to it that Miss Carlson contracted pneumonia by sleeping nude in an ice-cold room,

and had then collected the insurance. Encouraged by success, Tony had now decided to devote his dark talents to Mr. Malloy.

It so happened that Mr. Malloy was not a favorite character with Tony, due no doubt to their differences of opinion as to how much credit a customer should receive. Thus the derelict was in for something of a pleasant shock when Tony greeted him with, "Nice to see you, Mike. The drinks are on the house."

Tony nodded to the barkeep—one Red Murphy, a sodden young man—and then faded to the rear, while Red proceeded to get Mr. Malloy lubricated to a predesignated degree. Meanwhile, Tony carried on a low-voiced conversation with his collaborator, a Bronx undertaker named Frankie Pasqua.

By closing time Mr. Malloy had, without realizing why, answered

Tony's questions relating to personal vital statistics, and signed applications for three insurance policies totaling over 1,500 dollars. The applicant was about 55, as nearly as he could recall, had been born in Ireland, was jobless, homeless and knew of no living relatives.

Tony altered the facts sufficiently to make the insured an attractive risk and, a fortnight later, after a commission-hungry salesman had put the policies into effect without seeing the insured, the action started.

The scenario of the plot, as Tony had conceived it, seemed simple enough. At the propitious moment (there came a time each night when Mr. Malloy could barely stand up) Red, who had been taken in on the doings, was merely to slip the customer a jigger of straight automobile anti-freeze mixture, which was mainly lethal wood alcohol. Then the victim was to be planted a couple of blocks from Tony's place to give the impression that the derelict had been a victim of his own elbow.

It was along toward 12 of a night between Christmas and New Year's, and Mr. Malloy's was the only foot on the scratched brass rail when the Messrs. Marino and Pasqua gave Red the nod. The barkeep hesitated briefly as he reached for a hidden bottle. Red had never taken human life before. He poured a jigger, shoved it across the bar—and turned away.

The effect of the poison on Mr. Malloy was immediate—but surprising. He smacked his chapped lips, banged the empty glass on the bar

and demanded of Red, "Me lad, ye've been holdin' out on me! Where've ye been keepin' this good stuff?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Mike," stammered Red.

"The roarin' hell ye don't! Ye've had this good stuff all along an' been hidin' it from me!"

Tony, a bit shaken, stepped up to Mr. Malloy and explained that ambassadors from a boat anchored at the 12-mile limit had arrived with a new load of liquid only that afternoon.

By the time Mr. Malloy downed five more jiggers without apparent deleterious effect, Tony and Frankie realized they were witnessing one for Ripley. At about one in the morning, however, the knees of the lone customer buckled, his chin struck the bar and he rolled onto the floor. Red locked the front door, and the proprietor and the mortician carried Mr. Malloy to the rear.

At frequent intervals, Frankie listened to the derelict's heartbeat. By three o'clock he and Tony were in high spirits, for Mr. Malloy's heart was barely ticking.

But at four o'clock Mr. Malloy was still alive. In fact, the heartbeat was growing stronger. An hour later the victim's eyes fluttered.

The plotters, including Red, discussed the advisability of dispatching the insured man by strong-armed means, but Frankie pointed out that city medical examiners had a distressing way of noticing anything unnatural about a demise.

Just as dawn was breaking, Mr.

Malloy began to awaken, and the Messrs. Marino and Pasqua took a quick powder. Red, who slept in the place, explained to Mr. Malloy that the new stuff had been a little too potent for him. This statement pricked Mr. Malloy's pride, and he started in on the wood alcohol again.

The plotters underwent two weeks of amazement and frustration. During that time their victim consumed enough anti-freeze to protect an automobile engine for an entire winter. Astonishingly enough, all that ever happened was that Mr. Malloy passed out for hours on end.

Tony Marino began to rewrite the scenario of the plot. It was decided to make a sandwich for Mr. Malloy. The sandwich was to consist of sardines on rye—sardines that had been left in an open can for a week. Red, who had once studied chemistry, assured Tony that the chemical reaction which took place in putrid fish would certainly cause death.

One night, when Mr. Malloy was happily engaged in further depleting Tony's stock of anti-freeze mixture, Red gave him a sardine sandwich. He consumed it with both relish and appreciation. In fact, he wondered if he would be asking too much if he requested another sandwich. Red obliged. Presently Mr. Malloy passed out on schedule, and again everyone sat around and waited. In the morning the potential corpse awakened, eager for the new day.

Another week passed. Mr. Malloy actually seemed to be thriving on the diet of poisoned fish and wood alcohol.

The plotters were simultaneously depressed and angry. The factors were piling up which caused Tony, weeks later, to make the classic statement to the police as to how he felt after the first four weeks of his vain attempt to do away with Mr. Malloy. "I felt," said Tony, "that life was conspirin' against me."

One night Tony was moodily regarding an empty tin which had contained some poisoned sardines, when he became inspired. The following day he had the top of the can ground into bits. The next sandwich that Mr. Malloy ate contained tin enough to reduce the average person to a state beyond medical aid within 24 hours. But the unpredictable Mr. Malloy ate two tin-and-sardines on rye, washed them down with anti-freeze and remarked appreciatively, "Delicious, Red, me boy."

The cold, official records of the Bronx district attorney's office disclose that during the fifth week of the plot Mr. Malloy successfully digested three sardine-can tops. The best explanation doctors could make as to how the Irishman stood up under the assault of wood alcohol, poisoned fish and ground tin was that his system, extremely robust in the first place, had become immunized to ordinary dangers through years of hard drinking.

During the sixth week, raw oysters were introduced into the free lunches that were set up exclusively for Mr. Malloy. Red, the chemist, had recalled that the combination of raw oysters and alcohol was sometimes fatal. But it didn't work that way.

with Michael Malloy. Moreover, his appetite for bivalves was so insatiable that it ran into too much money, and the oysters were discontinued.

Once more the conspirators, who could now hardly bear the sight of the man, considered violence. But once again the level-headed Frankie lifted a hand in caution.

In desperation, Tony recalled how he had brought about the fatal siege of pneumonia in Miss Carlson, the hairdresser. Thus, at two the next morning, a cab driven by a sullen young man named Hershey Green—a friend of Tony's—drew up in front of the speakeasy. A February sleet storm was pelting the city. Tony, Frankie and Red hoisted Mr. Malloy, who had passed out some time previously, into the cab and drove to a desolate spot in the sprawling expanses of Crotona Park.

There the victim was laid out on the ground and stripped to the waist. The storm lasted most of the night. Next morning Tony and Frankie met in the speakeasy. While Red swept up, they argued as to which of them would go over to Crotona and discover the body, since the temperature outside was quite low and both of them had caught colds during their activity in the park.

The debaters were deadlocked when the door opened and in walked Mr. Malloy, beating his body with his arms. "Mornin', me lads," he announced. "Red, let's have a shot quick. I got a bit of a chill last night."

Red was for calling the whole thing off. But killing Michael Malloy had

now become a challenge to Tony's and Frankie's pride. So they again summoned Hershey Green. The idea was to get Mr. Malloy stiff and shove him in front of Hershey's speeding cab. The attractive feature of this scheme was that the insurance policies paid double for "accidental" death.

In the early hours of morning, Mr. Malloy, an alcoholic heap, was transported to a deserted spot on a thoroughfare called Baychester Avenue. There Tony, Frankie and Red set him up for Hershey. Mr. Malloy was hurled 25 feet into the air. Everybody beat it. For two days the plotters telephoned morgues and hospitals to ask if anybody named Michael Malloy was there. The answer was always no.

One night, a week later, who walked in but Mr. Malloy to announce that he had been in a bit of an accident. The boys craved details. Mr. Malloy had been in one of the hospitals that the conspirators had called, but he had impishly given a false name for the records.

AT LONG LAST, the despairing undertaker agreed to Tony's and Red's proposal to commit what they called a "regular" murder. Red rented a gas-lit room in a boarding house on Fulton Avenue. Then the plotters called for assistance from one Daniel Kreisberg, a financially-embarrassed fruit dealer, who knew Mr. Malloy from frequenting the speakeasy.

Anxious for a cut of the insurance swag, Kreisberg inveigled Malloy to visit the room on Fulton Avenue, under the pretext of sampling some

special "alky." When Malloy passed out, Kreisberg and Red fed the Irishman many cubic feet of illuminating gas through a red rubber tube.

Tony and Frankie simply wouldn't believe that Michael Malloy was actually dead until they went over and had a look for themselves. Frankie talked a physician friend into issuing a death certificate ascribing the demise to pneumonia. Then he took the body to his shabby undertaking parlor and, without bothering to embalm it, put it in a crude pine box. Interment in a 12-dollar plot in Ferncliffe Cemetery was routine, and the insurance benefits were paid without question. The swag was cut up, with Tony hogging most of it, and everybody was happy.

Two months later the police got a fragile tip to the effect that Tony Marino had come into possession of suspicious dough. The source of the tip has never been made public. Some waggish scholars of the Malloy case insist that it came from Mr. Malloy himself, not quite dead in his grave. Whatever the source, smart detectives were soon investigating Tony Marino.

The dicks took a long shot, and tackled Tony from the angle that maybe he had come into comparative

affluence by way of an insurance murder. When records of various companies were gone into, there was Tony's name on policies of two different people.

The salesman from whom Tony had bought the policies on Maybelle Carlson and Michael Malloy admitted to the sleuths that he had never seen either of Tony's dear friends. And so they dug up Michael Malloy's body. Because of Mr. Malloy's long indulgence in alcohol, and because of Frankie Pasqua's neglect in embalming the body, the cause of death—illuminating gas—was still obvious.

The detectives were not long in running an incriminating thread from Tony to Red to Frankie to Kreisberg. Red was the first to sing, and the three others joined in the chorus. Hershey Green got off with 20 years because his part in the conspiracy had not resulted in murder.

But the four arch-fiends went to the electric chair. Kreisberg and Red took their deaths as a matter of course. Tony and Frankie were dispirited.

They impressed one cynical witness as appearing to be disappointed about something—disappointed, perhaps, because their lives were not saved at the final minute by a reappearing Mr. Malloy.

Alas, A Lack!

DURING HIS leaner days, the late John Barrymore approached a Hollywood producer for a job in pictures. "Had any experience acting without audiences?" asked the producer.

In his best tragedian manner, the great Barrymore murmured sadly, "Acting without audiences, Sire, is what brought me here."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

The hurdles loom high to the girl who has to take over and bring up her little sister. Here's how one big sister took them in stride



Bringing Up Sister

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

FOR THE PAST three weeks something has been going on at our next-door neighbors' which I'm sure they know nothing about. A couple in their late 30's, the M.'s make a home for Mrs. M.'s 18-year-old sister Jane, who was orphaned at birth and has since been brought up by her big sister.

The M.'s bedroom is upstairs on the east side of the house; Jane's is downstairs and on the west, with windows facing directly into our kitchen. Four or five times my husband and I have seen Jane's light go on late at night, when the rest of the house was dark, and then observed Jane slip quietly out the back door and into a waiting car.

If we knew our neighbors a little better, I suppose we'd say something to them about it. But we are casual acquaintances and hate to interfere under the banner of "telling them

something for their own good." Yet, I have said to myself countless times, "I'm glad she's not *my* little sister."

And I have said it with feeling, because I have a little sister nine years my junior, and I brought her up. I started by buttoning and unbuttoning her dresses. When other girls were out playing, I was taking my little sister for a walk. I selected her clothes and planned her birthday parties. When she failed mathematics, I went to school and talked with her teacher. It was I who decided what boys she should date, what time she should come home and what she should wear. Above all, I gave her advice. Thousands of other big sisters, whose families have been split by death or divorce, are doing the same thing today.

Perhaps it sounds like a mother's job. But it isn't. A big sister has a mother's sense of responsibility, but

it weighs on her more heavily because she is haunted by the fear that she might not do as good a job as a mother would have. A big sister is too young to have a mother's perspective or her half fatalistic, half optimistic attitude. No aspect of her little sister's problems could possibly "work out by itself."

What did I want for my little sister? Like every other "parent," the best of everything. But fundamentally, (also like every other parent) I wanted her to "turn out all right."

Every big sister bases her little sister's education on two propositions, and so did I. First, that she had to be shielded from all the dangers which I had skirted successfully; and second, that should she, despite my efforts, run into these dangers, she would not be as "lucky" as I was in surviving them. A big sister is like the father who spent the happiest years of his youth bumming around the country on freight trains. Let Junior hop a freight just once and Pop will beat the tar out of him.

I felt responsible for my little sister's social life, and I felt responsible for her schooling. But the biggest and most ominous problems which face anyone who brings up her little sister are men and sex.

You start worrying about your little sister's relation to boys when she is in the fourth or fifth grade. That may sound foolish, but it's the time when little boys become exhibitionistic and little girls become curious, and you have memories of both. You remember a little boy named Philip

who strutted around in front of the girls, grimacing and making motions which didn't mean anything but somehow made you look the other way. Philip was "nasty" (a word you weren't allowed to use) and you were told not to play with him.

About that time you began to notice words chalked on the school-yard walks and fences. The explanation you were given at home was rather vague, but from it you sensed something wrong. Then there was the time you were walking home from school alone and three boys you had never seen before chased you down the street yelling those words.

So when your little sister is late coming home from school, you worry at top speed. I have telephoned the school many times and twice gone to get her in the car. You look over her playmates closely, both boys and girls, for you know there are "nasty" girls as well as boys. Half the time she doesn't understand your concern.

Your most barren effort, however, is when you try to be "modern." You have a long heart-to-heart talk in which you explain sex and child-bearing in the most careful scientific terms. My little sister was half embarrassed, half bored. I realized later that, despite my modern methods, her schoolmates were handing out plenty of behind-the-barn information and that was the version she accepted.

As she grew older, my little sister's problems became more tangible, and so did my worries. In high school I was afraid she would chase after boys but, unlike a mother, my next worry

was that the boys wouldn't chase after her. A mother tries to keep a 13-year-old daughter young, but a big sister will arrange for her first permanent wave, her first long evening dress, and coach her feverishly in how to be attractive to boys long before she has the braces off her teeth.

My goal was to push my sister through the so-called awkward stage as fast as possible. I explained how to "get boys" in one breath and how to send them off in the next. My greatest fear was that she would act silly or do something which would "make the boys talk about her."

In fact, this was my sermon for her entire high school career. Everything she did and said, I told her, would be reported in detail—and usually exaggerated—in the boys' washroom. That was my answer when she asked about "necking," and it seemed to be adequate. Certainly fear of cheapening gossip is more tailor-made for high school problems than talk of moral issues.

The problem of chastity didn't come until college. Of course I had been squaring off for it for some time. When that question inevitably arises, I don't believe the average college girl discusses it frankly with her mother. Although she may listen dutifully to parental lectures, she draws her own conclusions. But a girl *does* go to her Big Sister.

And what do you tell her? Your first impulse is to shout "NO!" But if you are moralistic or stuffy, you lose her confidence. Here's where the job of being a big sister is the hardest.

The case for, or against, chastity would be an easy one if it were only a matter of morals.

I tried to teach my little sister to avoid things which could hurt her. I tried to convince her that self-control was necessary not only in matters of sex but in everything—from getting along with friends to selecting drinks—and that if she couldn't exercise it in sex she couldn't otherwise.

THE NEXT PROBLEM arises when your little sister announces that she wants to marry So and So. In the case of my little sister—and, I believe, with 96 per cent of the little sisters—this first decision to get married meant she was just beginning to realize that she *could* do it if she wanted to. So and So happened to be the first attractive, eligible young man going her way. This looked like a terrific problem but it was solved by the appearance of a slightly more attractive, more eligible young man. My little sister took her every proposal seriously (to the point of accepting several of them) and so did I. But I soon learned that she was developing a will of her own. Furthermore, she seemed to have a pretty good head, and the most I could do was to confirm the doubts she was already entertaining about her current beloved.

So unless a fellow was physically or mentally infirm, I said nothing. I got excited only when I thought he cared less for my little sister than she did for him.

Perhaps I did what all parents—and big sisters—do when the daughter

they still think of as "their little girl" starts looking around for a husband. I stalled for time. I tried to keep her from narrowing the field down to one steady beau, for I felt that the more men she knew, the more accurate she might be in her judgment. I encouraged her to get as much education as she could, to travel as often as possible and to try her hand at a career. I wanted her to have resources of her own, not finances but personality and ability, which no market crash could snatch from her.

I didn't want her to marry just because marriage was something she hadn't tried yet. I wanted her to live those post-school years to the full. In short, I believed she should not marry unless every other alternative promised nothing but misery.

My job ended—as most big sisters' do—when my little sister did get mar-

ried. She had not finished college. She was only 18. She had been in love with someone else just three months before. To me she seemed so immature that, although I liked her fiancé, I did not believe their marriage could succeed. My husband's comment was, "Could anyone have stopped *you*?" And neither of us interfered. But the day I stood behind her at the altar, head bent in prayer over my matron-of-honor bouquet, I felt certain she would be divorced within the year.

That was three years ago. My little sister is still happily married, with her own home, a year-old youngster and a contented husband. She has "turned out all right." But as the big sister, catching my breath at the sidelines, I say I'm glad I don't have to do it all over again.

It would be as hard the second time because I would do it the same way.

***Nuff Said**

ONE OF THE most effective football pep talks ever made consisted of only four words. At half-time, Coach Dana X. Bible's team of Texas A & M was two touchdowns behind a weaker team. The boys waited for the verbal "dressing down." Finally, Bible started towards the dressing room door. With a hand on the knob, he turned to his players:

"Allright, girls—let's go!"

p.s. They won.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

A YANKEE AND A BRITISHER were arguing what is commonly known as the Alaskan Seal controversy, an issue between Great Britain and this country which was settled by arbitration in 1893. Apparently getting the worst of the argument, the Englishman became somewhat excited and finally declared, "If you blasted Yankees don't let our fishing alone, we will come over and knock your bloody heads off!" Calmly and effectively the Yank replied, "Again?"

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

Sponge Cake JON ABBOTT





Admiral Ernest J. King

PRESS ASSOCIATION



Do you imagine little men following you—eyes upon your every move? "Harmless" sleeping pills may cause such hallucinations . . . or worse

America's Opium: Sleeping Pills

by GRETTA PALMER

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN would be shocked at the suggestion that he smoke a pipe of opium once or twice a week. He thinks of the "drug habit" as an underworld vice, something which has no relation to his own respectable life.

Yet once a week or more he may take a drug—one of the barbiturates—in the form of a "sleeping pill." These drugs are harmful and habit-forming, according to the best medi-

cal opinion. Moreover, their use is spreading very fast.

Dr. Willard Stone, professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Southern California, estimated that Americans took one and one quarter billion doses of the barbiturates last year, and predicted that they will take more this year. These drugs were first discovered—in the form of veronal—in 1903.

Because their "side effects" are much less disagreeable than the older paraldehyde and chloral, they seem to offer harmless relief from pain or sleeplessness. And because experts disagree as to the seriousness of their effects, barbiturates are still sold over the counter to all comers in 20 of our states; in many others, a doctor's prescription for one of the drugs can be indefinitely refilled.

A committee of the American Medical Association has condemned the

King of the Fleet

The mammoth sum of ships and steel and men that is America's giant two-ocean Navy is bossed by Admiral Ernest Joseph King, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet—who Navy legend once had it could "outdance any young ensign by night and outwork him by day."

Under its 66-year old air-minded chief, the Navy has shifted emphasis to the aircraft carrier and to the kind of teamwork with land-based aircraft that has made possible today's smashing blows.

"promiscuous use" of sleeping drugs, and blames them for "habit formations, toxic cumulative action and being a factor in motor accidents and cases of criminal assault." With surprising frequency, it says, patients report that they have used these drugs instead of liquor for "sprees." Hospital records abound in cases of overdosage, usually occurring to habitual users, and in cases of suicide attempts in which the sleeping pills were used.

The barbiturates are largely a big-city problem. Dr. W. E. Hambourger of Western Reserve University has found that ill effects from their use are twice as common in cities as rural districts, with Boston, Chicago and New York having the worst catastrophes.

TWO-THIRDS of the patients brought to hospitals for barbiturate cures are reported as addicts who take the drugs daily. About one-quarter are "occasionals" who have been on drug-sprees. The ill effects in either case are the same. These, as reported in medical literature, may include hallucinations, chronic drowsiness, tremors of the hands, paralysis of the face, squints, deep depression and unsteadiness of the legs. Actual degeneration of the nerve cells from the barbiturates has been observed in animals, but no proof of this effect on human beings has yet been obtained.

Thirty per cent of the addicts suffer "cravings" when the drugs are withdrawn, and a few of them acquire seizures resembling epilepsy; however, after a few months of treatment these symptoms pass. Only 7.3 per

cent of the patients hospitalized for this drug addiction die.

How do people become barbiturate addicts? Dr. F. J. Curran, senior psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital, New York, found that 48 per cent of such cases admitted to the hospital had a record of alcoholism. The next commonest causes were found to be the menopause, marital difficulties, insomnia, worry over money or employment, neurotic personalities, physical pain and intestinal disorders. In Dr. Hambourger's study, two-thirds of the patients said that they had first taken the pills for sleeplessness and then acquired a need for them in order to sleep at all.

What sort of people are the barbiturate victims? One extreme case involved an elderly woman who found, after her husband died, that she was unable to sleep. She began taking sleeping pills—finally needing as many as 12 tablets a day. After several years she broke off the habit, but she soon suffered seizures which frightened her back to her medicine chest. When she came under the doctor's care she was "tense, apprehensive, extravagant, neglectful of her household and deeply depressed."

Another woman, who turned to the drugs during her menopause, took the tablets half a dozen times every day. She became shockingly underweight; bed-ridden and so weak she had to be fed with a spoon.

A man—who substituted sleeping pills for liquor—soon had hallucinations of strange men following him, and required three months' hospital-

ization for recovery. These patients did not mention the barbiturate habit as a cause of their illness when they sought the doctor's help; the fact had to be pried from them.

Extreme cases? Of course they are. But mild cases are much commoner than you suspect. A questionnaire which recently circulated among Connecticut doctors showed that 880 out of about 1,000 found the "promiscuous use of barbiturates a matter of public concern." Of these physicians, 922 thought the drugs should be sold by prescription only. One third of the doctors said they often see cases of barbiturate addiction. Together they reported having been called in, in the past five years, for 1,780 cases of attempted suicide through barbiturates, of which 298 ended in death.

THERE ARE thousands of cases of mental and moral inability to handle these drugs within reason. In the words of the spokesman for the New York Academy of Medicine, "habit formation lies less in the drug than in the personality of the patient."

Take the case of a young man, a drunkard, who married an heiress and to please her took an alcoholic cure. Unfortunately he was able to get all the barbiturates he wished in the course of the cure and, whenever he appeared in public, he staggered and suffered dizzy spells from barbiturate addiction. This man, without having had a drink for months, was believed by his friends to be a worse drunkard than before. His case is typical of a large group of cured alco-

holics about whom the question is: What will he turn to next?

Many barbiturate users have thrown away the old crutch of liquor and seized the new one of "harmless" pills. They belong to a type which is eager to find something to soften the harsh contours of life when things go wrong; psychotherapy is probably their best hope of a permanent cure. Other people have, as part of their personality, the trait of holding very firmly to any habit that has once been formed. This may be a stubborn insistence of the same breakfast every day in the year or of a barbiturate before going to sleep.

To either of these groups, the dreamers or the habit-lovers, sleeping pills are dangerous. To the rest of us, the barbiturates are not apt to make drug addiction inviting.

However, this does not mean that we can pop these pills into our mouths without paying a price; no foreign body is harmless to the human system, even when it is introduced to counteract something worse. The barbiturates do not give us natural, refreshing sleep. They exact a toll of listlessness and reduced energy. Some of them are not completely eliminated from the system for *eight days*, and during this period the body does not function altogether normally.

There are other indictments that might be drawn against this group of drugs which Americans are now buying with the same eagerness that Germans did 10 years ago. Sleeping pills—and headache powders too—remove symptoms and help us forget

the signals that indicate something is wrong, somewhere, with our physical selves. It is far better to visit a doctor when you have a pain, and try to get rid of its cause, than temporarily to rid yourself of the pain and allow the illness to grow worse.

Not all the after-effects of these drugs are clearly understood today. The barbiturate returns are not all in; we don't know, yet, what side-effects their use may bring.

In the words of Dr. J. A. Gunn, director of the Department of Surgery at St. Boniface Hospital, Manhattan, "History, especially the history of hypnotics, reveals a procession

of drugs which have been introduced with the claim that they are therapeutically active but non-toxic. Not a single example has entirely lived up to this two-fold recommendation."

America's opium of barbiturates offers a less delirious escape from life than China's kind. Its cost, in shattered lives, is much less high. But we cannot, even in the world of pharmacopeia, get anything for nothing.

Every one of the billion and a half doses a year of America's opium is accompanied by a bill for Service Rendered. That bill must always be paid, in terms of precious health, at some future date.

The Man Who Made Money

IF A MAN'S WORD is as good as his bond, then it must also be as good as his money, reasoned Ben Carney of Crane, Missouri. And in 1933 he set out to prove it by printing five hundred one-dollar "Demand Notes," which the Bank of Crane and the town merchants agreed to clear whenever they were presented.

The slips of pale yellow paper resembled government scrip in size only, and thus did not violate the counterfeiting laws. In crude hand lettering, they bore the legend:

**B. F. CARNEY WILL PAY ON DEMAND TO BEARER
ONE DOLLAR
PAYABLE AT MY OFFICE IN CRANE, MISSOURI**

Soon after Carney's experiment, the bank moratorium was declared, but few of his fellow townsmen clamored for redemption. Many, in fact, pleaded with him to place additional notes in circulation, for they were the principal medium of exchange in the little town for several days. But Carney refused, as he had already proved his point—that his word was as good as his money.

Although Carney has since died, over two hundred of his notes are still in circulation. Some are included in the Chase National Bank's famous Collection of Moneys of the World, but the others, which Carney's sons have tried to locate and redeem, are still missing.

—HARRY E. NEAL

Sam was a lovable clown. But tragedy struck when he yielded to the lure of the wild—proving that even a duck can be a Pagliacci



Goodbye, Old Sam

by PAUL CRANSTON

SAM CAME TO US when he was only three months old. He was a wedding gift, and the boys in the city room had dressed him for the occasion.

Somewhere they had found a little evening coat especially tailored for a duck. His feathered neck was fitted with a cardboard wing collar and bow tie, and perched cockily over one eye was a black top hat.

A Pekin duck, one of those lopsided comedians with a policeman's walk, Sam was a city room's way of saying *bon voyage* to a new benedict. So high hat and all, I packed him in a cardboard box and carted him home on the train, where he kept the smoking car amused by sassing me soundly for the ignominy of his journey.

"I've heard of some pretty crazy wedding presents, but never this," said my wife.

"But you surely want us to keep him, don't you?" I asked pleadingly.

Sam looked up at her just then and that settled it.

It seemed natural to call him Sam. I don't know why, but he seemed to like it. You could call his name from any part of the house and he never failed to answer with a quack.

We made him a little house in the kitchen and he moved in as if it had been the very thing he expected. Days he would spend outside on the lawn, like a landowner keeping check on his holdings, but come twilight and Sam would appear at the back door, pecking at the screen for admittance.

He knew his own bedtime, but that was his only concession to country life. None of your rising with the chickens for him. Sam invariably slept until eight in the morning, but 15 minutes later he wanted his breakfast. If still unfed at 8:15, he would waddle to the bottom of the stairway and quack his annoyance in no uncertain terms.

Though he brooked no other dogs, Sam readily made friends with Mac, the spaniel. He would cuddle against Mac's silky ears for an afternoon nap, but if a neighbor dog came near, Sam would charge for him until the bewildered hound backed off in dismay.

The actor in Sam was always foremost. He took to following my wife about the grounds and brooded in loneliness when friends came to call and he was ignored. But let him be the center of attention at a party, and Sam would keep it going all day.

Sam was wise in many ways. He knew the sound of our automobile before it turned up the lane, and he would be waiting for us. Because I often brought him special tidbits, he hurried over when I stepped from the car. If I failed to have something for him, he sulked and would refuse to come near me for minutes afterwards.

WHEN SAM was two years old, my wife decided it was time he had a wife. I was not convinced. A man may be happily married, but he retains fond memories of bachelor days and respects the single blessedness of any male—duck or human.

But all women are matchmakers at heart, and one night I came home to find old Sam cavorting on the lawn with a slender white Pekin in the crazy happiness of a honeymoon.

"Her name is Gert," my wife explained. "I took Sam over to the Johnson farm, and among all those ducks he walked straight to her."

Where Sam was pert and garrulous, little Gert was quiet and shy. Yet

marriage agreed with Sam, and he seldom allowed Gert from his sight. Sam shared even his food with his bride, and gave her the choicest nesting places about the yard. His house, of course, was too small for a bridal couple, so we built them a new one close against the back porch.

It was an idyllic marriage. They were sufficient unto themselves.

The two love birds kept close to the house all that winter. But with spring we began to notice a change in Sam. At first we were sure he had lived the sheltered life too long to start heeding April sounds, but the song of the stream was too much for him.

The first day Sam led his little wife off into the woods, we knew that nature was conquering him at last and never again would his comic old heart be the same. Each day they ventured a little farther, Gert fluttering at Sam's side as women do when they are protesting against their menfolk's footloose adventures. Yet she stayed beside him always, though she seemed relieved each night when Sam brought her home.

But the next day he would lead off again, staggering home at dusk like a creature who at long last had found the wellsprings of living.

And then one night in early August, Sam and Gert failed to return.

With Mac at our side, we searched the surrounding woods and streams, calling Sam's name as we went. Twice Mac seemed to have the trail only to lose it again. It was heartbreaking to think of Sam and Gert alone in those woods where fox and skunk and wea-

sel abound. We slept little that night.

It was dawn when we heard Sam's quack. Plaintive and strange, it was pitched for the upper bedroom windows, each sound a little cry that grew louder and more insistent. And there was old Sam, alone, paddling around the house as fast as his web feet would carry him.

As we opened the door, he hurried to us, pecking at our feet and addressing us in all the strange sounds a duck can muster for language. When we followed him off the porch, he wagged his tail as if in thanks.

Across a field, through the woods and to the stream, Sam led us swiftly and surely. Looking back as if to make sure we were still there, he started swimming downstream. We hurried alongside through the thick-briared banks. At a bend in the stream, Sam clambered up the bank. There he halted. Before us was the little white body of Gert.

A tiny hole in the neck was the only sign of violence upon her. A

Feature editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Paul Crampton has originated several nationally syndicated features, among them *Masked Jury*, *Other Women's Lives and Private Lives*. He and his wife live on a 22-acre farm in Spring Valley, Pa. in an old house shunned by George Washington. Pet likes: New York at twilight and San Francisco at dawn. Dislikes: whimsical names for dogs, of which he has four, all of whom become hilarious every New Year's Eve—and celebrate the festival by treeing a possum who happily remains sober.



weasel had struck and found its mark. We brought Gert home and buried her in a little grave near the house.

Sam grieved for days. He refused to eat, turning away from even the choice tidbits he once had coveted. We tried to pen him in, believing he would soon forget and return to his old life of bossing the yard.

But Sam struggled to be free, and once out of his pen he would make his way to that spot on the bank where Gert had died. There he would remain by the hour, refusing to leave unless lifted bodily and carried home.

Each morning through the long summer days, he returned to keep his vigil. His husky chest thinned, and his legs were barely strong enough to carry him.

Early in September, a pair of wild ducks interrupted their southbound journey to alight in a small pond a mile below us in the valley. The weather warmed and they lingered on. Each day you could see them swimming in the pond—each day, that is, for nearly two weeks. Then one morning the big drake was gone. A farmer's boy had been unable to resist this test of marksmanship.

Honking her lonely heart out to the hills, the wild duck's mate set forth to seek the handsome one who had forsaken her. A mile away, keeping his vigil, old Sam heard and understood. What matter if he were of another breed—one whose power to fly had been lost in the long ago. The voice he heard was the age-old cry of his kind, earthbound and in distress. Sam knew well that agony of heart and

spirit. It might have come from his own lonely soul.

Somewhere midway they met—Sam, white, awkward and forbidden by nature to fly, and the wild bird, brown, sleek and with strong fleet wings. But here was water, and in the shallow country stream, an element Sam too could share, they found their common ground.

Sam never came home again.

Driving by in those early autumn days, we often saw him. His charm and comic manners must have proved as endearing to that wild bird of flight as ever they were to human hearts, for she remained with old Sam in the valley long after the flocks from the north passed overhead. She had become an earth creature. Her broad wings were kept against her sides.

Sam grew fat and healthy. His tail feathers once more were white and preened. Oftentimes, hearing Sam's happy quack in the stream, we would stop the car along the road and make our way down the bank to greet him. He wagged his tail in delight and there was a proud high note in his voice. But he kept between us and his mate. He had made his choice. We were not to try to lure them to a world which he somehow knew would always be alien to her.

On one of our visits we frightened her, and she took to wing. Sam could only watch. You knew what he feared.

As the days grew colder, we saw them less and less. Then came a gap of many days. We had just concluded that they had followed the stream down country, when suddenly

one morning we beheld an almost unbelievable sight. A feathered pilgrimage was making its way across the marshes. At the proud head of this curious parade walked Sam. Behind him came his wild duck bride, and back of them, in single file, five of the craziest ducklings ever seen.

Two were definitely Pekins—white with yellow feet and beaks. One was unmistakably wild, while the other pair were half Pekin, half wild.

Old Sam had fathered a family.

He looked at us as we approached, hesitating for just an instant as if in memory of the past. And then, after quacking his greeting of old, he plunged the family overboard and out into the stream.

Mrs. Sam fluttered uneasily on the surface, maternal devotion alone seeming to hold her back against the instinct to fly. Sam swam a circle about his family, looking only once our way as he herded them together. Then, as if by some magic signal, all seven started swimming, throwing themselves against the current of the stream.

Once I thought I saw old Sam looking back. I guess he knew the time had come when he could no longer gamble being separated from his brood. Away somewhere, alone in their element, they might be able to cling to the life nature intended for them—even a family such as Sam's, half of earth, half of the sky. Soon they turned a bend in the stream and were lost to sight forever.

I hope they found a happy land. I hope you did, Old Sam—even for just a little while.

Portfolio of Personalities

Men Who Faced Death

by CPL. MURRAY T. BLOOM

DO YOU KNOW what a soldier thinks about just before zero hour? Democracy perhaps? Home? Mother? A girl named Iris? I'm afraid it's none of these. Most men seem to worry about losing an arm or a leg.

Despite the fact that modern weapons are twice as deadly as those of 1917-18, the 1944 casualty who isn't killed outright has twice as much chance to survive. In this war such a soldier has better than 96 chances in 100 to live.

The soldiers whose stories are given on the following pages were chosen at random. They are typical, with average ambitions and joys. Even their wounds are, for the most part, quite commonplace. But for those very reasons these men belong in the gallery.

There are a lot of these men at the vast new Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island in New York Harbor. Here the Army Medical Corps gives the full resources of medicine and surgery to men wounded overseas. Four thousand miles from the battlefield these casualties are receiving the best and fastest care in the history of military medicine.



2nd Lt. George Lux

Halloran General Hospital is pretty well insulated against Army formality. Maybe it's because men and officers at the front are very informal. When you're skirting the periphery of death one *sir more or less* becomes trifling. That feeling stays when you come back to the States—particularly when you come back wounded. So at Halloran, Lt. George Lux is one of the boys.

His job in North Africa was that of a combat engineer, and his task was picking up land mines and rendering booby traps harmless.

It was at Mateur in Tunisia on June 6th. Lux and a colonel were going about their business when the law of averages caught up with them. Lux tripped over a concealed wire. The booby trap went off, killing the colonel on the spot and giving the lieutenant compound fractures of both legs and feet. The business of finding land mines and booby traps is so obviously among the most dangerous

in the Army that medics travel with officers who do this work. Lux received medical attention one minute after he was wounded. It wasn't too soon. When I saw him he still had steel fragments in both legs. A quarter of a century ago both legs would have had to be amputated. But this time we have the magic penicillin, and so Lux doesn't begrudge the time he's spent in hospitals or the time he will spend on crutches, for within a year's time he will walk unaided.

The lieutenant is 23 years old and a New Yorker. He had been a pre-medical student at New York University but decided to enlist back in 1938, when enlisting wasn't very fashionable. He got his commission in 1942 at the Engineers OCS at Fort Belvoir. Nineteen days after he was wounded he was in Halloran.

He wants to get past the crutch stage for much more than the obvious reasons. When he's walking on his own again he is going to marry Margaret Ruthven, a pretty New York telephone operator.





Pvt. Herman Kopelman

Pvt. Kopelman is the old man of this group. He's 32 years old—"just an infant in the infantry."

He's been in about two years now, and when he gets out of Halloran he thinks he'll probably be assigned to M.P. duty in the States. His case history reads "gun shot wound of left leg with compound fracture of femur."

"Nothing, nothing at all," he insisted. His mother was visiting him when I was there. "Just think, Ma, how easy it is to get killed by a car right here in New York," he said. "All the time I was in Sicily I worried about you poor civilians with those terrible drivers on the loose. Honestly, I shuddered just thinking about it."

Mrs. Kopelman shook her head.

"He talks that way so I won't worry," she told me. "But I worry just the same. What mother doesn't?"

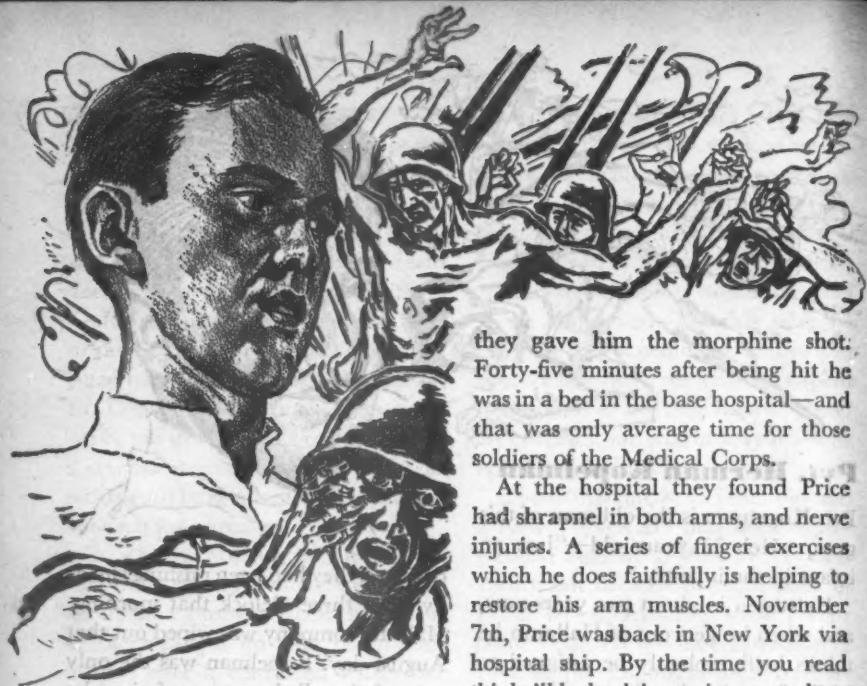
One of those shells that knew where it was going went Pvt. Kopelman's way at 4:30 on the afternoon of August 6th last year in Sicily. There were six Americans in his group. The counter-attack had been going on for three

days and they had been pushing steadily since three o'clock that morning. Half the company was wiped out that August day. Kopelman was the only one of that little group of six who came out alive. The medics got to him three hours later—he was lying in no-man's land.

Pvt. Kopelman is a loyal Bronx son and as far as he's concerned the Grand Concourse in that New York borough is a beautiful street, and the sooner he strolls on it the happier he'll be. He used to be a field representative for a New York Garage Owners Association. He's still single—a fact which bothers his mother a little.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Kopelman," the nurse chimed in. "When this is over the single girls are going to have a law passed making it a jail offense to remain a bachelor after a lad is 25."

Pvt. Kopelman shuddered. "Better prohibition should come back," he said. It got a good laugh. You always laugh harder in hospitals.



Pfc. Harold E. Price

The date stays with you instinctively like your birthday, but with greater clarity than, say, your wedding anniversary. In the case of Pfc. Harold E. Price it was August 23rd, 1943.

He was an ammunition passer on a big 90mm anti-aircraft gun at Palermo, Sicily. No, he didn't have any premonitions—apparently no one does. It happened so quickly that it didn't seem possible that it could have happened at all. Yet the stuff that covered him definitely was blood. A German 20mm. shell—not much of a shell but big enough—clipped Price and seven other men at the gun. Twenty-five minutes after the shell landed, first aid men were at the private's side. He remembers that he was conscious right up to the moment

they gave him the morphine shot. Forty-five minutes after being hit he was in a bed in the base hospital—and that was only average time for those soldiers of the Medical Corps.

At the hospital they found Price had shrapnel in both arms, and nerve injuries. A series of finger exercises which he does faithfully is helping to restore his arm muscles. November 7th, Price was back in New York via hospital ship. By the time you read this he'll be back in service somewhere in the States. In the last war similar injuries would have lead to amputation of at least one arm.

He's 24 and has already seen more than three years of Army service. His mother is dead, and before the war he lived with his father in Oneonta, New York. After high school Price went to work for a coal company, but he wasn't very happy about it. So he took a course in mechanics. When the war is over he wants to marry Dorothy Pinny, a New York girl he's engaged to, and he wants to learn more about mechanics. During those 25 minutes at Palermo before he got the morphine shot he kept praying: "Please, God, not the arms—not the arms. A mechanic's got to have arms."

Mechanic Price will have arms. Two skillful, healthy ones.

Pfc. Andrew V. Brennan

The world is sometimes even smaller than you might gather. When my mother saw this picture of Pfc. Andrew V. Brennan, she said, "Why, he used to sell me nice chops at the United Meat Market on Columbus Avenue." And so he did. They have a star on a flag up in the market for Brennan. He was the first to go from that New York store, enlisting a little over three years ago when he was 24.

He was wounded on the night of August 1, 1943, at the waterfront in Palermo, Sicily. At the time he was working a .50 caliber machine gun, guarding a nearby 40 mm. Bofors anti-aircraft gun, when shrapnel from an aerial bomb hit him in the spine.

"I felt as if someone had slugged

me with a baseball bat. I went right down but I stayed conscious all the time." He remembers his gun partner got killed by the bomb.

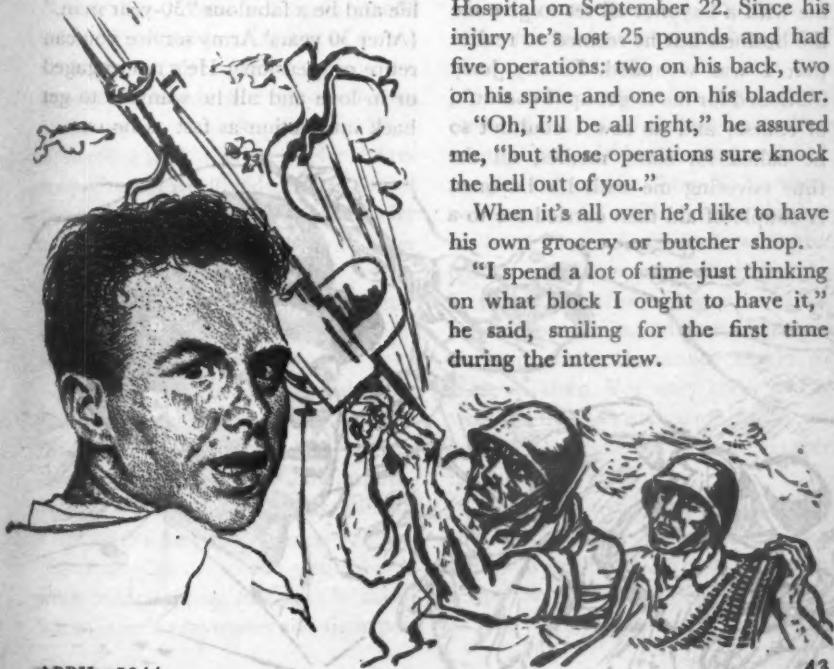
A second lieutenant, A. L. Denning, took him to a nearby hospital.

"It was a bad time to go any place," Brennan explained with a grimace. "The lieutenant was taking a big risk just driving around in that jeep during the German aerial bombardment. They don't come any better than that guy. Saved my life probably. During my first six days in the hospital we had air raids every single night." On one of those nights when Brennan was lying unconscious on a hospital bed, General Patton pinned the Purple Heart on him.

He came to Halloran General Hospital on September 22. Since his injury he's lost 25 pounds and had five operations: two on his back, two on his spine and one on his bladder. "Oh, I'll be all right," he assured me, "but those operations sure knock the hell out of you."

When it's all over he'd like to have his own grocery or butcher shop.

"I spend a lot of time just thinking on what block I ought to have it," he said, smiling for the first time during the interview.



Sgt. Henry Matwiejczwk

The sergeant's name is Henry Matwiejczwk, pronounced Murphy. He's from Wyandotte, Michigan.

The day was April 17, 1943. It was near Mateur, Tunisia. Murphy, who enlisted in 1940, was platoon guide in an infantry outfit. The guide's job is to check on stragglers, on ammunition and to watch the flanks. It was an early morning action. A large Jerry patrol suddenly jumped Murphy's small group. "There just wasn't any time for premonitions," he recalled.

"I knew I was hit so I tried to get up. But I couldn't make it so instead I rolled down the slope. Suddenly when I stopped rolling I began to shake. It was the first time I felt pain. Then there was a Jerry standing over me with a bayonet all set to give me the business but he seemed to realize that I was wounded. Finally Jerry motioned for me to get up. I couldn't, of course, and he saw I couldn't so he called for some medics, all the time covering me with his bayonet. A couple of aid men carried me to a

German hospital. The chow was always the same there: black bread and ersatz coffee. Then one night they took us to an air field and told us they were going to fly us to Italy. But that night our bombers came over and plastered the field so we were taken back to the hospital on the outskirts of Tunis. The English came in on the 7th of May and captured the place."

Murphy went through a succession of English hospitals and then in August he was brought back to the States. When I saw him, he had just returned from a huge plane factory where he had addressed the workers during lunch hour.

Sgt. Murphy is a little different from most of the Army men I know. He wants to stay in it the rest of his life and be a fabulous "30-year man." (After 30 years' Army service you can retire on pension.) He's not engaged or in love and all he wants is to get back into action as fast as he can.



CORONET



A measles epidemic in a small Illinois town, a little girl who liked letters, and a dog named Susie started a new and novel enterprise

Puppy Love Letters

By LESTER B. COLBY

AT FIRST GLANCE, Susie Cucumber, a fox terrier, looks like any other dog of her breed. Yet Susie stands alone. Thousands of reams of paper with her picture on every piece are printed each year. She has a secretary and several assistant secretaries, a business office and a printer. Her correspondence is worldwide, going almost everywhere English is spoken. Her name is trademark registered, her letters copyrighted.

It all started with a measles epidemic in the Chicago suburb of Northbrook, Illinois.

One day back in 1939, measles had laid low Janet Hyland, four-year-old daughter of L. A. Hyland, vice-president of the Bendix Aviation Corporation. One of Janet's adult friends, Cynthia Richardson, wanted to cheer the little girl up so she wrote her a long letter, giving full details about what Janet's playmates and their pets

were doing. Janet had often played with Mrs. Richardson's black and white fox terrier, Susie Cucumber. So Mrs. Richardson signed her letter "Susie Cucumber."

Janet talked about her "letter from Susie" for days thereafter, and when another little girl in the neighborhood caught the measles, Mrs. Richardson wrote her a letter, too—also signing it "Susie Cucumber." Long after the epidemic had disappeared from Northbrook, mothers from Chicago to Waukegan were asking Mrs. Richardson to write Susie Cucumber letters to their children. Yes, they knew it was work, so they wanted to pay for them. Mrs. Richardson got a mimeograph machine and started in.

Demand increased so fast that soon the mimeograph was retired. The letters were hand written in large script to appeal to the youngsters, plates were made and the letters

printed. Susie's fame spread. Carson Pirie Scott & Company and Marshall Field & Company, both large Chicago department stores, wanted to stock the letters.

By the beginning of 1942, dozens of other stores were selling Susie Cucumber letters. Mrs. Richardson found herself with a 24-hour-a-day job of bookkeeping and mailing, and was forced to cancel connections with all stores other than Marshall Field, and Woodward and Lothrop in Washington, D.C. When she followed her Navy husband to Washington last year, she took a country place near Alexandria, Virginia, fitted Susie Cucumber with a complete office in her home, organized a new staff, and went to work.

Mailings are now going out regularly to children in each of the 48 states, to Alaska, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Australia, England, South Africa and other far lands. Mrs. Richardson believes Susie's fame is spread by men

who were acquainted with the letters before they went overseas.

First among subscribers come grandparents, then aunts and uncles. Mothers and fathers rank third. Outstanding names on the list of thousands include Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller and Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York; Mrs. Carter Glass, wife of the Virginia senator; Henry Fonda, cinema star, and Mrs. George S. Patton, wife of "Old Blood and Guts."

Very early Mrs. Richardson realized that if she were to make the letters interesting to children she would have to develop "characters" who would appeal to them. So she invented Nibbie Squirrel, who nibbles in little boys' pockets; Buster Bunny, who eats carrots and runs very fast; the five ducks, Doodle, Don'ty, Dippy, Lucky and Danny; Fluff, the kitten who dislikes flies; Michael Scotty, the little dog who wiggles as he walks, gets into mischief and recently was inducted into the Army's Wags. Here is Susie's introduction of Michael:

"Michael is the name of my pal, the little black Scotty. He just trots around going nowhere and wiggles around doing nothing. I guess he got tired of that today, though, so he got into mischief. It was early morning and the milkman had just left a fresh bottle of milk. Michael finally decided to taste it. But just then, Mike's Missy stepped out on the porch with a broom, and swish! she swept Michael into the kitchen! Now Mike has learned not to meddle—and he's careful whenever he sees a broom!"

IT WASN'T LONG after the start of her career that Susie Cucumber began



to get fan mail. One little fellow, the son of a Northwestern University professor, for a long time wrote Susie a letter every day. On a single day he mailed 14 letters to Susie! Finally the youngster showed up in person, leading his father by the hand, and demanded to be shown the ducks. Fortunately, the ducks really lived and at that moment were swimming in the Richardson's pond.

Mrs. Richardson believes little boys are more intense in their enthusiasm for Susie than little girls. But when they arrive at the age of about six they acquire other interests and drop Susie, whereas girls maintain their interest longer. The best starting age for the letters is about four years. When children start to school, illusions topple and they become too hard-headed to be interested in Susie.

Letters from the children have proved a gold mine of source material. They give Mrs. Richardson an insight into the minds of children—what they are interested in, what games they like to play, what holidays they look forward to, what grown-ups can do to please them. Such scribblings have led to special letters and enclosures for important days such as St. Valentine's and Easter. Many of the letters carry drawings of dogs and ducks and other creatures mentioned therein. Blank space is sometimes left so that the child's name can be written in by hand to personalize the letter more.

Susie has already had one brush with the law. A big department store on Chicago's State Street once ar-



ranged a dinner for a large group of children. Susie Cucumber was announced as the guest of honor. The children poured in—but no Susie.

At the last minute it was learned that the pure food laws prohibited the admitting of a dog to a public dining room, so a large picture of Susie was substituted. But to the children it was a let-down.

Susie sometimes receives complaints, too. She writes only one letter a week, and many children think that isn't often enough. Susie answers that she's very busy, has to write to so many other little boys and girls, has so many things to do, and so many ducks and rabbits and squirrels to look after that she just can't do any more . . .

Susie's entire set of letters, coming in five series, are as follows:

1. *Susie and Her Friends*. Built around Doodle Duck, Nibbie Squirrel, and Buster Bunny, plus the story of a ride on a merry-go-round. Susie sends a toy balloon with one letter.

About Nibbie she says:

"A little squirrel plays in the tree at my window. He knows we would never frighten him so he hops right

on the windowsill to nibble the acorns and nuts that are put there for him. He peeks through the window at me, and I sit quietly and look at him. Do you know why we call him Nibbie? Because he nibbles nuts on the window sill. When he finds a nut he scampers away to hide it under the hedge for his supper. Then he comes back for more. We love Nibbie Squirrel, don't you?"

2. *Susie's Garden.* Susie starts a Victory garden and plants seeds. Seeds are sent to the children in some of the letters with instructions on how to plant them.

3. *Susie at the Seashore.* She learns to swim, finds "Sandy," the sand crab. She pops popcorn and sends kernels to her friends to pop for themselves.

4. *Susie Moves to Washington.* She sends a stick of gum from the plane in which she rode and describes the trip. Between letters, she mails picture postcards showing Washington scenes between letters.

5. *Susie's Birthday Party.* She has a birthday cake with candles and sends on this letter:

"When I waked up this morning, I was getting a spanking! One, two,

Lester Colby was born on a farm in northern Illinois, but he wearied of the bucolic life at an early age, and decided to become a newspaper reporter. He has turned out copy for such famed names as Jesse Jones, Amon Carter, William Randolph Hearst and Col. R. R. McCormick. He doesn't divulge his age, but admits that he "fruited with the vintage that produced such reasoners as Ring Lardner, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur."



three! Then I remembered. Today is my *birthday!* My friends were there to wish me a happy day and give me a little 'play-like' spank for every year, while Dan, Doodle, Dippy, Lucky and even Don'ty sang: 'quack-quack, quack-quack, quack-quack!' which is the ducks' way of singing, 'Happy Birthday to you.' My little Missy gave me my birthday hug and then we had a *real* party with candles and a cake, paper hats, and fun! Aren't birthdays nice?"

Last year more than 15 hundred orders for Susie Cucumber letters were received between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the time when Susie's business is at its peak. Fifteen hundred orders, one letter per week, means 78 thousand letters. Then, on top of that, come requests for custom-made letters. Johnny sucks his thumb. Mary is careless about crossing the street. Betty likes to play with matches. Susie goes into conference with the ducks in the pond, the squirrel in the woodlot and the birds in the trees. Out of these conferences come the right answers. Such special orders may bring Susie's output up to 100 thousand letters a year.

Mrs. Richardson takes no credit for Susie Cucumber's name, but she does believe it is half the secret of the letters' success. The little wide-eyed terrier was named by her first owner, Mrs. Richardson's four-year-old niece, Frances. When asked why she chose such an odd name Frances replied, "Because I thought it was pretty."

"So you see, it came direct from a child's heart," says Mrs. Richardson. "There was no adult meddling."

Dear Johnny,



Have you ever seen a little dog with black-and-white spots all over? If you have you will know just what I look like, because I am a little dog with black-and-white

spots all over. I want to be one of your new friends and write letters to you. And if you like



to color, I will draw pictures for you, too.

2

Now if you will watch for your Postman, one of these days very soon you will see him stop at your house with something for you. You will see him reach into his sack and take



3

out a letter with your name on it. That will be your own letter with pictures for you to color.



And it will be from your new friend, Susie Cucumber

4

Susie Cucumber Writes Her First Letter To a New Friend.

Copyright, 1940, Cynthia B. Richardson, Northbrook, Ill.

"Operating delivery departments is a job for specialists," says James Casey, president of the United Parcel Service—and he proves it



Casey Delivers the Goods

by BARBARA HEGGIE

THE STORY OF the United Parcel Service, the largest consolidated delivery service in the world, is the story of James E. Casey, whose career reads like a rags-to-riches fable by Horatio Alger.

In 1902, at the age of 11, Casey was earning a few pennies delivering packages for Seattle, Washington merchants. In those days retailers depended on street cars, bicycles and leg-work to send their wares to customers. Thus deliveries were haphazard affairs, often delayed by a round of marbles. Casey, like an Alger reliable, had no time for sidewalk fraternizing. His packages were deposited promptly and politely. One morning a newly painted truck swept by him, drawn by a spanking team, with **SPECIAL DELIVERY** painted on the side. Vowed Casey: "That's the way I'll tote parcels around some day."

In 1907, he took the first step to-

wards realizing this ideal. With six youthful friends, each of whom had a bicycle, he rented a small basement room at the corner of Second Avenue and Main. He announced to his then far-flung clientele of merchants that he had organized a messenger service, and pointed out that if they all delivered by the same service there would be no route duplication. Thus costs on this branch of their business could be sharply cut.

He sold the idea and sold it well. Soon he was sitting before a telephone in the basement room, taking orders and sending out boys. At 16 he was head of a thriving enterprise.

His younger brother, George Casey, joined the little company soon after it was launched. In 1913, Evert McCabe, who had threatened Casey's profits by acquiring a motorcycle and establishing a swifter service, was talked into joining forces with him in

the Merchant's Parcel Delivery, and the purchase of two Ford delivery cars followed.

By 1927, Casey had linked Canada to Mexico by a chain which reached from Seattle through Portland, Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena and San Diego. The name United Parcel Service was adopted with absorption of the Motor Parcel Delivery of Oakland.

By 1941, as president of the U.P.S., Casey topped an organization that operated the delivery departments for 1200 retailers, delivered over 100 million packages a year in 16 cities, and boasted four thousand employes and three thousand trucks. Throughout four decades Casey had built up his business step by step, with impressive solidity. A man of many mottos, his favorite is: "Have the courage to make haste slowly."

Today housewives are accustomed to seeing U.P.S. trucks roll up to their doors. Those with a penchant for reminiscence recall the flurry that United Parcel made in 1930 when it moved into metropolitan New York—a city whose larger stores vied with each other in the smart turnout of delivery vans—and proceeded to take over their delivery departments.

Casey's New York triumph had been carefully planned and painstakingly achieved. Two of the company's engineers were sent ahead for a 12 months' survey of store methods, traffic and labor conditions, distances and seasonal fluctuations. In 1938 John Wanamaker's, a concern which had used its own trucking equipment for a

century, became a client. The Eletro Company, the delivery combine of Lord & Taylor and McCreery's, two of New York's largest department stores, was annexed, plants, trucks and all. Today the U.S.P. delivers for more than 375 stores in the New York trading area. Of the larger dry goods stores in Manhattan, only Macy's continues to operate its own fleet.

BEFORE THE WAR, drivers' jobs went only to men who were clean-cut, neat and of medium height and weight. They were not to have held more than four jobs during the preceding five years, were to be sound as to sight, hearing, heart and lungs, preferably married, and able to pass an intelligence test carefully devised by the personnel manager for the service. Today, the manpower shortage has lowered these standards.

Stringent regulations still hold, however. A driver may not spit, smoke, chew, scuffle or whistle while a customer is in the vicinity. Neither may he talk in a loud voice, ring doorbells sharply or short-cut across lawns. He is required to lift his cap when a housewife comes to the door and announce ignoble C.O.D. packages "in a low tone as neighbors have prying ears."

One of the rules decrees that drivers "be willing to do something for customers that you are not called upon to do." In obedience to its bidding drivers have been called upon to capture a pet snake, transfer a sick grandfather from his old bed to a new one, watch a baby in the bath-

tub, return empty gingerale bottles to the corner grocery store to cover an unexpected sales tax charge, get milk from the icebox for the cat, try on a newly delivered coat, to show how it would look on the customer's husband, tiptoe past a sleeping poodle so as not to disturb his nap and remove spiders from a meter box.

U. P. S. men are used to weird commissions and odd bundles. One driver in Hollywood was instructed to pick up a skeleton from a hospital and take it over to a law court where a murder trial was being held. He just propped it up on the seat beside him and drove off, handing it over as casually as though it had been half a dozen lamp shades or a tea-set. Drivers often find notes for them when the customers are out.

"Please leave package in dog house," a Yonkers lady scribbled. "It's only for my husband, anyhow."

Drivers must shave daily, button jackets fully and wear their caps straight on their heads. The locker room at each station features a full-length mirror on which is lettered the following queries, at descending levels, from brow to toe: "Hair Cut?" "Smile?" "Shave?" "Tie Straight?" "Clothes Pressed?" "Shoes Shined?"

Casey's men are not only neat and well-behaved but as deft and painstaking at the wheel as a dowager's chauffeur. This happy state of affairs has been arrived at by a system of punishments and rewards. Drivers must account for their accidents before a U. P. S. tribunal of three, one of whom is always a representative of

the Employer's Council. Judgment passed, if the verdict is guilty, is frequently a suspension of pay for a few days. For careful drivers there is a mounting system of prizes, ranging from an engraved certificate for going two years without an accident to a chest of table silver bestowed for a decade of Stopping, Looking and Listening.

Proof that the system works was the U. P. S. triumph in the National Fleet Contest, held in 1940, in which 64 fleets were entered. All top places in department store groups were taken by United Parcel drivers, the Pasadena team leading with their record of .90 of car accidents for every 100 thousand vehicle miles driven.

UNITED WORKS with retailers on a contract basis only. They are not "common carriers," they explain, but "contract carriers." Big stores must sign for five years, small ones for a year—and *all* their deliveries must be made through United Parcel. Once a contract is signed the company takes the delivery department right off a store's hands.

Upon leaving the store, packages are unloaded at a central station where a night shift sorts them from conveyor belts to smaller "division" belts. These carry them to the proper slides for reloading and distribution to various delivery stations. Some pretty ingenious equipment is used in sorting packages. In Los Angeles an air jet tosses lighter parcels, geyser-like, to a higher level.

"Worry over every package," is

another of Casey's mottos which his employees take to heart.

O. D. T. regulations, gasoline and rubber shortages and the "carry your share" campaign have, quite naturally, cut United Parcel's business to a fourth of what it was in pre-Pearl Harbor days. But they profess to be just as glad, as they figure that if they had had to contend with a delivery volume at the 1941 level,

they would have been able to continue operations only for a year with their present equipment. However they are at the same time busily emphasizing to merchants everywhere that by delivery consolidation they can serve their country well. Wanamaker's in Philadelphia has even entrusted them with picking up and re-delivering its laundry, as a wartime conservation step.

Sound Psychology

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT had learned from experience the difficulty of fitting his tremendous bulk into an upper berth. Arriving at the last minute to board a train, he discovered that only an upper remained, and that a mere mite of a man occupied the berth below. With an audible groan, the ex-president shook the curtain and said:

"I'm to sleep in the upper berth, am I? The last time I did the blamed berth broke down. I hope to Heaven this one will hold me!"

He then strode off to the smoker to enjoy a cigar. Some time later he returned to find the little man soundly asleep in the upper!

W ADDRESSING A HUGE gathering some years ago, Winston Churchill found it necessary to wear a lapel microphone to make himself heard.

At the climax of his speech, the microphone suddenly went haywire.

But as the disappointed listeners arose to leave, Churchill signaled for silence, tore off the mechanism and flung it down. Then with typical aplomb, he shouted, "Now that we have exhausted the resources of science, we shall fall back on Mother Nature and do our best."

Although he nursed a sore throat next day, he finished his speech.

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

W A COUNTRY LAD walking down New York's Broadway stopped suddenly and said to his companion, "I hear a cricket!"

"You couldn't," scoffed the friend, "in this deafening traffic."

Unperturbed, the young farmer led off on a search and at last found the cricket in the window box of a large office building. The astonished New Yorker exclaimed, "However did you do it?"

With that the country boy took a 50-cent piece from his pocket and flipped it in the air. The moment it clinked on the pavement, over 20 pedestrians made a dive for it. The boy smiled. "You can always hear what you're listening for!"

—JEAN M. DOUGLAS

One Alone

THE BOULEVARD CARNOT is a dark street—but it is not deserted. It is crowded with people. A man alone, as I was tonight, was bound to think of a man I know who really was alone one night—or thought he was.

This friend used to be music critic for a London paper. He must be nearly 60—much too old for this business—but for four years he lived in the western desert as a correspondent with the Eighth Army.

So in the line of business, he was in Tobruk one night when some unfriendly airplanes came and gave Tobruk merry hell.

And my friend, whose name is Richard, said to himself as he lay in his bedding roll, "The hell and all with this!" And he picked up his bed and walked to a place on the beach somewhat removed from the celebration. There he found a slit trench, and there he went to sleep.

Imagine, as they say, his surprise when he heard voices as he was pulling on his pants in the morning. English voices. And close at hand.

Richard whirled about, and angrily demanded of the two British Tommies, who were also pulling on their pants in a trench not far off, "Where the devil did you come from?"

One of the soldiers, no doubt recognizing the tone of command and mis-



taking Richard for an elderly officer, jerked his elbow into a salute and answered, "Somersetshire, Sir."

There was another time when Richard was alone. That time he had gone to swim in that same blue sea. He had had his swim and he was lying in the warm sun. There seemed to be no one within miles but that one shrunken, naked Englishman.

"And as I lay there," he told me, "I saw a camel rise over the horizon. Deplorable exhibitionists, camels. Looked like a picture postcard. And I saw it was coming straight for me."

The camel did come right to where Richard was. It knelt, in the manner of camels, and its Arab rider debarked. The Arab saluted after a fashion, then fumbled in his filthy rags and held out a grubby little stone.

"Very nice scarab, Captain?" the Arab said. Arabs are wonderful.

Richard is in Cairo now, writing reviews of performances by the Cairo Symphony Orchestra. He is gray-faced and old-looking since they took the Eighth Army away from him, but I'll bet he's a better man than I am right now, and he can spot me nearly 20 years. The spirit that's willing overcomes the flesh that's weak.

—CHESTER MORRISON

Babes in Nursery, the kodachrome which appears on the cover page of the picture story *American Counterpoint*, is by Herman M. Appel from Rapho Guillumette.

Picture Story:

American Counterpoint





American Counterpoint

by ALEXANDER ALLAND, with an introduction by Pearl Buck

Let us now remember fresh why our country was ever made. It was made for freedom's sake, that here all men might live together in peace and mutual allowance for each other's being. We here in America have no more in common with each other than the peoples of contentious Europe. We have nothing in common at all except the idea, which is our country—the belief that we want and must have freedom as an atmosphere in which to live! Only where differences can exist without persecution can there be real freedom.

So whenever a man or woman looks down on another man or woman because of his race or his religion, his color or his class, America is threatened. We are all poorer today in our nation because some cannot rise to their individual achievement, because discrimination holds them back and will not let them be free.

This then is a family album . . . an album of the American family. Here you will find a record of some of our differences. Here we are, living our daily lives, doing our work. None of us looks like the other—we look like our ancestors who brought us here in their own bodies and brains. You will see that beauty belongs to us all and ugliness, too, and that what we have in common is only the freedom to be just what we are, so different from each other, and yet all Americans. The man who took these pictures was born in Russia, but he is an American. He has understood that to find America you have to look into many faces of many colors and kinds. But try the test of Americanism on all of them—speak the word *freedom* and the same look comes into their eyes.

Freedom—light of the world! But if the light be darkened, then how great is that darkness! —PEARL S. BUCK

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I. Sure, I'm an American. My people came here from Siberia maybe 10, maybe 25 thousand years ago. Sure, they were immigrants too. If you ask me, you're all pretty recent arrivals. I'm what you call an American Indian, but I'd rather be called just American, like the rest of you.



2. Yes, I'm an American. On my mother's side I'm English, Welsh, Jewish, Scotch, and American Indian. On my father's side, I'm English, Irish, German and Dutch . . . We Americans are people from all over the world. Perhaps some day every American will be a little bit of everybody.



... We are peoples from the North, and from the South . . . and from the East and the West.



1. These are our homes. We are free to live as we please, we may choose the newspapers we like to read and tune our radios to any wave length.



2. We have no fear that some night we'll be aroused by an' ominous knock.



We are what is known as old-stock Americans. Our ancestors fought a revolution because they believed that all men are created free and equal. They fought a civil war, too, because they could not abide a nation half slave, half free. We believe that they fought for the right.



7. In this nation of one people from many lands, the time-table of arrivals is immaterial. Our neighbors may have come here long after we did, but they came because they too wanted to be free! And these are our children. English, Italian, Puerto Rican, Negro, Jewish . . . American children all.



16. Freedom of worship to all . . .



17. means freedom of worship to each.



10. In time of peace, our bilingual knowledge promotes commerce and good will with the rest of the world. During a war we can serve our country as postal censors, interpreters and language specialists. From the short Gaelic alphabet of only 15 letters . . .



11. to the five thousand characters of the Chinese, we speak more than four-score tongues. We also give our original arts and crafts to all America . . .



12. We are free to sponsor any kind of education we may choose for our children... or for ourselves.



13. We can read the books burned in other lands by fascist invaders. On election day we go freely to the polls; we belong to clubs; we gather with our friends; we meet to thrash out the problems of our community.



1. If we still remember the language of the country we or the old ones
came from ...



1.5. we sometimes gather to sing its songs.



11. Somehow it makes us feel good to let other Americans hear these ballads—praising the brave deeds of men of another land who died for freedom. We also translate American songs for the old people who cannot speak English so well.



17. It is fun to dress up in our colorful costumes . . . to whirl and glide and step to the lively folk tunes our fathers knew.



18. In the hands of those who love them best . . . instruments from every corner of the world—all find listeners here.



19. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Our parents speak 10 different languages . . . but we're all good friends.



20. And yet we—who inherited these, the greatest truths in human history—allow ourselves to harbor petty hates, for no other reason than that of race, creed or national origin. Hates like these breed danger . . . Hates sap the energy of a nation, retard social, cultural and industrial progress.



21. When the laws of this land are lived up to, and there are no barriers to keep people apart, we will realize that ability is not the privilege of one race or one nationality, but a gift shared by all.

On the V-Shift



Quick Salutes: To the "bald-headed Spars" — the thousands of middle-aged business men in the Temporary Reserve of the Coast Guard who, unpaid and unsung, man the cutters and other craft on 12-hours-a-week duty, running harbor services, inspecting buoys and patrolling beaches and docks . . . To Princeton University for its plan to assist alumni with the armed forces in getting jobs after the war. Although primarily a post-war program, it's already at work placing Princetonians discharged from the Army and Navy . . . To the Service Men's Travel Canteen (574 West 130th Street, New York City) for transporting servicemen in New York to their homes in other areas. It asks trucking concerns and other firms making cross-country runs to give free rides to men in uniform, offers a directory of companies and trips.

American Counterpoint —a Cross Section

On the facing page are nine photographs of typical American girls. Were you able to identify the countries from which their forbears came?

Reading from left to right, the girls in the top row are: Hungarian, Irish, and Yugoslavian; in the second row, Ukrainian, Colombian and Bulgarian; in the bottom row, Czechoslovakian, Peruvian and Dutch.

To Gunderson Brothers, Portland, Oregon, producers of Navy tank lighters, which send the boats rolling toward invasion areas marked not only with Navy serial numbers but the names of workers who make outstanding attendance records or who offer useful production ideas . . . To the Army's Special Services Division for sending to American soldiers all over the world 100 thousand pliable record discs ranging from Toscanini to Bing Crosby. It also distributes folders containing hymns the men can sing as they go into battle.

Panoramericans: In South Gate, California, Hal Jacobsen moves his auto supply business, can't get a priority to transfer his phone, keeps his 150 best customers by supplying them with homing pigeons to whose legs they clip their orders . . . In Delphi, Indiana, as the manpower shortage becomes more and more acute, barber shops convert to self-service, offer patrons electric, safety and straight-edge razors on a "shave yourself for 15 cents" plan . . . In Detroit, Chrysler hires epileptic workers, places them on benchwork away from noisy machines, has them work only with other epileptics, teaches them to recognize each other's symptoms . . . The Richmond, Virginia,

Times-Dispatch editor, Virginius Dabney, urges the legislature to repeal the law segregating Negroes from whites on street cars and busses. Analysis reveals that reader-mail favors the suggestion three to one.

Sailors Who Fight in Bed: Six of them work in bed. Nine ride wheel chairs or hobble to the shop. The scene is the Brooklyn Navy Hospital, one of the two big naval hospitals in the New York area where one of the most unusual experiments of the war is in progress: wounded sailors, laid up in the hospital after hell-at-sea, are making vital equipment for the Navy.

The idea—which may mean the difference between illness and health, job opportunity and despair to thousands of servicemen after the war—was hatched a few months ago by Robert F. Nelson, vice president of the Arma Corporation, makers of ordnance for the Navy.

Nelson knew that every convalescent needs something to divert him, keep him occupied and get his muscles working again. Such is the function of occupational therapy—not a new art. But why, decided Nelson after some study, limit therapy to pastimes like basketry, weaving and handicraft? Why not, for example, put a patient to work wrapping electric coils? It requires almost the same motions as basketry, with the difference that people are *really* needed to wrap coils.

The Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery agreed that Nelson's idea was worth a trial. Today a handful of wounded sailors in the two

hospitals are at work. Soon, when details of payment and other matters are ironed out, the program will be greatly broadened. They work with hand tools, and soon may be operating light machines.

The men are delighted. While they're recuperating, they're also giving the Navy a helping hand. The very act of helping is aiding their recovery. At the same time, they're making money and learning skills that may prove useful after the war.

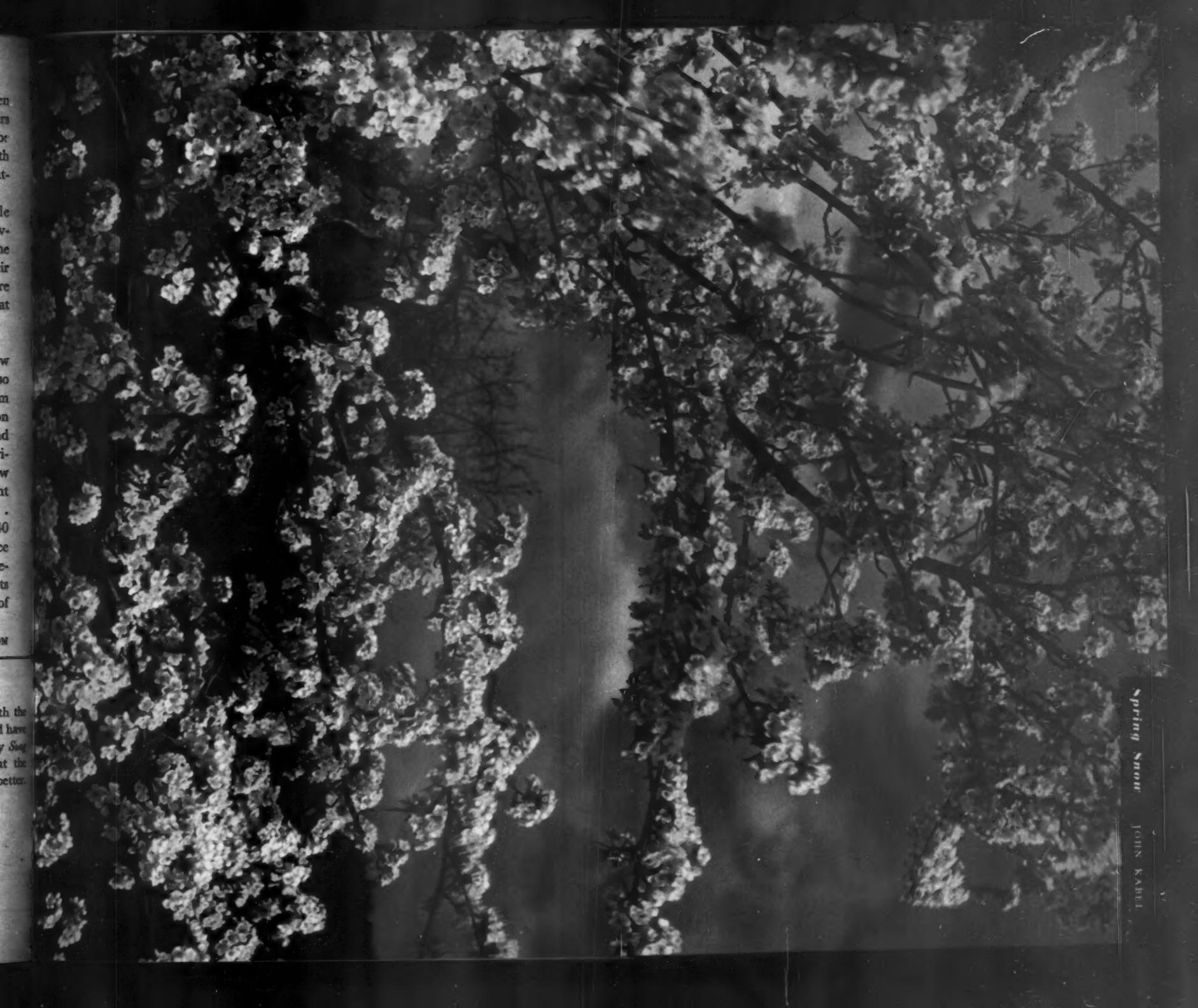
Fighting Figures: We're now building lenses for aerial cameras so refined and powerful that shots from miles up clearly show the rivets on bridge beams, railroad spikes and similar small objects in enemy territory . . . Our shipyards are now equipped to turn out more than eight aircraft carriers every month . . . It takes a thousand men working 40 hours a week for 40 weeks to replace the 60 bombers lost in one raid recently over Germany . . . Steel plants have turned out more than 13 tons of steel for every man in the Army.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Spring Snow

This season all's not "right with the world," as Robert Browning would have it, but remembrance of his lovely *Song* from *Pippa Passes* remind us that the day *will* come when all will be better.

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-peared;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!



Spring Snow

JOHN KABEL



From the Rookie Jar



One of the less salty sailors was stopped by a lieutenant and queried: "Don't you know you are supposed to salute me?"

The acolyte nodded, "Yes sir, I know. But I'm AWOL and I don't want to be conspicuous."

—*The Ship's Log*, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash.

MISTRESS: "I suspect my husband is having an affair with his stenographer."

MAID: "Oh, you're just saying that to make me jealous."

—*Flight Time*, Goodfellow Field, Tex.

It takes two to make a marriage—a single girl and an anxious mother.

—*Army Air Base News*,
Base Headquarters, Lincoln, Nebr.

Seeking a deferment, a draftee gave as his reason: "Convalescing from a traumatic peritenitis of the flexor digitorum sublimis et profundus muscles at the metacarpophalangeal joint." The Army said no, a sore finger wasn't a good enough excuse.

—*The Brigadere*, Los Angeles, Calif.

The guest was being shown to his bed in the haunted room by the host's sinister-looking retainer.

"By the way," asked the guest, "has

anything unusual ever happened in connection with this room?"

"Not for over 50 years, Sir."

"And what happened then?"

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared at breakfast the next morning."

—*Hi-Life*,

Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

WIFE: "Why don't you want me to join the WAVES?"

HUSBAND: "Because you wouldn't enjoy it—it's non-combatant duty."

—*Skyscrapers*,
Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y.

Crossing the ocean, a ship headed into a dense fog. A passenger rushed up to the captain, "Stop this boat!" he cried. "Why, you can't even see the wafer from the rail."

"No," replied the captain, "but I can see the stars overhead."

"Yeah," said the passenger, "but what good is that? Unless the boiler blows up we're not going that way."

—*Sand Storm*, Camp Coolidge, Ariz.

The newspaper publisher's little daughter returned from Sunday School carrying an illustrated card.

MOTHER: "What have you there?"

LITTLE GIRL: "Oh, just an advertisement about heaven."

—*Arizona Contact*, Phoenix, Ariz.

Surpassing in magnitude many of the great cathedrals of Europe, this memorial will raise its giant spires long after our civilization is gone and forgotten



America Builds a Cathedral

by MONA GARDNER

BUILDING is another way of writing history. Just as Radio City and the Pyramids relate the stories of vastly different eras, so every lasting structure documents the thoughts and hopes of its age.

In this century, we have rushed to erect more and more skyscraping monuments to materialism; but we have also spent 50 years and some 16 million dollars creating in stone a memorial to the spirit—a memorial which should still give majestic testimony five thousand years from now. It is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

High on Cathedral Heights facing 112th Street in upper New York, rising above shabby brick apartment houses and the dirty rococo of the 90's, the cathedral is a magnificent translation of 13th century French Gothic. Rheims, Chartres and Amiens—Bourges, Rouen and Paris—all have gone into it. Yet it emerges,

not a gaudy copy, but a distinctively American adaptation.

This Easter five thousand people will kneel in the soaring nave to hear the hosannas brought to them by an intricate system of altar and choir microphones. Ten or 20 Easters from now, when the north and south transepts are completed, there will be considerably more than 10 thousand listening to the paens. For this 20th century cathedral is second only to St. Peter's in Rome in size. Reduced to terms in which we ordinarily think—St. John's is two blocks long, and equal in height to an 18-story building.

It will last five thousand years, engineers say, because in the mechanics of putting hand-chiselled stone upon hand-chiselled stone, architectural fervor has been leashed, always, to precise scientific data. Such precaution was necessary because, as in

medieval times, the structure is built almost entirely of stone. The only steel in its whole mighty frame is in the ridge roof-steel, where old-world cathedral builders regularly used wooden beams that crumbled and powdered away into nothingness in a matter of decades.

Thus St. John's avoids the hazards of medieval construction which caused many famous European spires to fall 20, 40 or a hundred years later.

BUT TRIUMPHING over the ruthless laws of physics wasn't the only problem the builders had. There was the matter in this machine-tool age of finding artisans with medieval hand-skills. When the building campaign of 1924 was started, it was found that men skilled in stone cutting and in solid stone construction had become scarce because of the almost universal use of steel construction. Every state along the eastern seacoast was combed for stone masons who could carve by hand great squares of stone. And when they were found, all were over 60 years old.

They were not set to carving stone immediately. Their knowledge was much too precious. Instead, a stone masons' school was set up: young men were taken from their pneumatic drills and taught the obsolete art of squaring stone in such a way that the individual pattern of each chisel stroke was a distinctive signature.

These youngsters have grown old in cathedral building, and they, in turn, have had to teach a third generation. A fourth generation will be

needed before the last stone is finally set in place.

Designing the Great Rose Window of the central façade was a unique drawing-board adventure that occupied 12 months. But an even greater task was searching out and finding enough colored-glass artists to make and assemble the 10 thousand pieces of luminous stained glass that go into this tremendous 40-foot window.

The stained glass windows of St. John's aren't the kind one would ordinarily expect. Rather they are windows which make this cathedral peculiarly American and universal, for they are pages of American history and of the history of mankind wrought in glass. Iktinos, architect of the Parthenon, Sir Christopher Wren, Shakespeare and Homer are portrayed in the Arts Bay: Constantine, Trafalgar, Dewey, Grant, and Lee are a part of the Army and Navy Bay. Other vivid stories are depicted in these great bays of the nave, representing Law, Sports, Press, Crusades, Labour and Medicine.

However, this was only one of the glass compositions needed for St. John's. There are 54 additional windows—some of them 44 feet high—all calling for brilliantly stained glass to tell their historic and scriptural stories. For 50 years now a corps of artists has been working right around the calendar making these glass pictures. All but nine of the windows in the nave have been completed.

Many of the old world cathedrals were centuries in the building, and St. John's follows this pattern. It was

first conceived by Episcopal Bishop John Henry Hobart in 1828. The charter, however, was not granted, nor the actual collecting of funds begun until 1873. Another 19 years were needed to amass sufficient funds to start building operations. The cornerstone was laid in 1892; and seven years later the crypt was opened for worship. Since then four successive bishops have carried on the slow work of building other architectural additions, including seven chapels rotating like a coronet around the altar. The entire nave was completed for use only in November of 1941.

This cathedral is not a parish church, and it has no parish members. Rather, it is the chief church of the Episcopal bishop of the New York diocese, which is made up of some 266 different parish churches and missions. The money that has gone into the granite and glass has come, not alone from devout parishioners of the diocese, not alone from Episcopalians, but from thousands of visitors and casual sightseers.

Other friends have given it furnishings that are priceless. A Raphael canvas of *The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine* hangs in one of the chapels; 12 famous old Barberini tapestries woven on papal looms in the 17th century cover nave and chapel walls; a shimmering crystal chandelier was given by the Republic of Czechoslovakia. There are teakwood cabinets from Siam, a gold chalice given by Hungary and an altar cloth given by the Crown Prince of Sweden. Majestically lighting the altar from either side are two massive seven-branched

gold candelabra—Jewish synagogue lights that are copies of those once used in Solomon's Temple. It is the first time these Menorah Lights have ever shone in a Christian cathedral. On their marble bases, they weigh four tons each, and were the gifts of Mr. Adolph Ochs.

WHEN THE PROJECT was still in the blueprint stage many critics called it grandiose and impractical. Cathedrals, they said, were a product of an age when the church was the civic as well as the spiritual center of a community. To sink such an enormous sum into such a structure today would be anachronistic, they felt. But advocates of the cathedral pointed out that it would be an investment in inspiration and spiritual enrichment for centuries to come.

Because of the project's many critics in the early days, however, it was decided to put the whole venture on a pay-as-you-go basis. Today, with the cathedral two-thirds finished, not a penny is owing on any part of the structure. No contract for work is let, no single stone is cut, no pane of glass ordered, until actual cash is on hand.

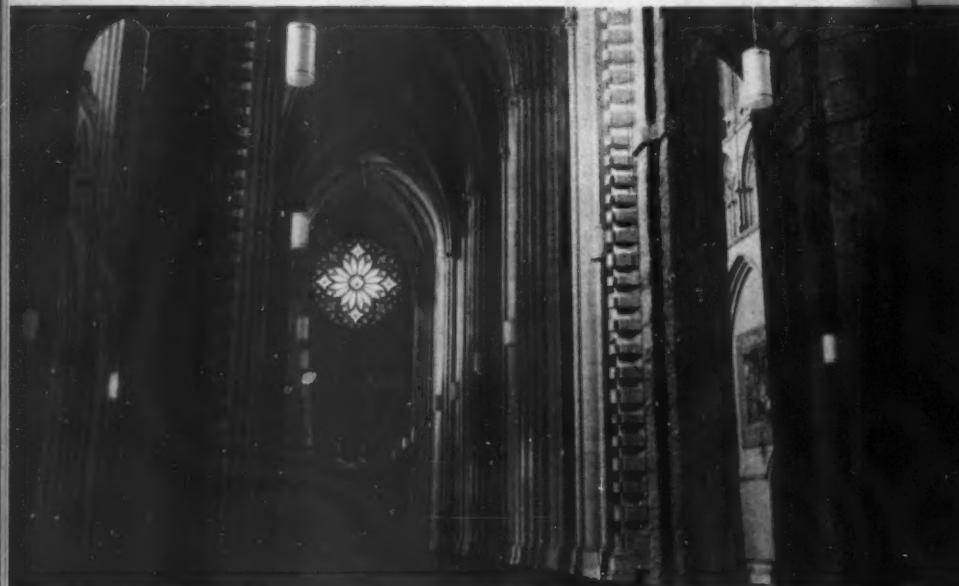
All building was stopped on the day Pearl Harbor was bombed, and will not be resumed until the war is over. Meanwhile a steady stream of pilgrims drop their pennies and dollars into the big teak coffers by the main door, not just to achieve an architectural masterpiece, but as a part of man's constant and overwhelming urge to help create something universal and eternal.



1. The vast nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, looking toward the High Altar. From the entrance to the High Altar is a distance of about a tenth of a mile. The great arches tower 124 feet above the floor.



2. *Thomas Meatyard, 81-year-old caretaker, stands beside an original Raphael, The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine, in the Chapel of St. Ambrose, one of seven chapels radiating from the apse. Meatyard has spent half his life at the cathedral, has watched it grow for 40 years, is its oldest employe.*



3. *Situated in the West Front, the Great Rose Window measures 40 feet in diameter and contains more than 10 thousand pieces of glass. Just below is a smaller rose window, and beneath that the massive bronze doors. Henry Wilson, famous sculptor, spent three years designing them.*



4. The High Altar is of white Vermont marble. The Gothic reredos behind the altar was quarried in France. The figure of Christ is flanked by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Moses representing the Old Testament, and St. John, St. James, St. Peter and John the Baptist the New Testament.



5. Three of the glorious stained glass windows, which were designed in glass by artists, were presented to the Cathedral as memorial gifts. The cathedral is shaped like a cross, and is planned so that the priest standing at the High Altar faces the East, the rising sun symbolizing the resurrection.

Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To Fred Allen, who writes his own jokes and makes them consistently the funniest jokes on the air . . . To Carl Sandburg for his *Rootabaga Stories*, designed for children but an adult delight . . . To Denys Wortman, who draws that newspaper cartoon *Metropolitan Movies*. His artistry, satire and trenchant wit are mindful of Daumier . . . To George Santayana for his remarkable *Persons and Places*, first volume of the autobiography of the 80-year-old master . . . To *Jeanie*, an English film with an old plot, a dumpy heroine, no slick Hollywood tricks, and more charm than you find in a carload of American comedies . . . To *The Voice of a Nation*, a West Coast radio program that gives both sides of the news every night.

File and Forget: Radio commentator Milton Bacon asked a Negro woman how she had managed to live to be 106. Her answer: "Ah sits loose and sleeps when Ah worries" . . . A Michigan farmer has just placed a thousand dollars in trust until 2195. In that year the estate will be worth 2,109,892,198 dollars and 40 cents . . . There are 65 thousand black Jews in Ethiopia . . . There's a movement afoot to use reformed spelling in newspapers as a space-saver in these days of little ink and less paper. The Mi-

ami *Herald* commented: "If a system of abbreviations were adopted, as much as 40 per cent of space could be saved."

The Compleat Angler: In *The Raft Book*, a manual for fighting men cast adrift on the open sea, author Harold Gatty gives a bit of detailed advice which sounds like long-range ribbing. It is actually a piece of very practical information.

Here it is: If you are adrift and you should happen to catch a shark, look for a Remora fish. The Remora attaches itself to the shark by means of a suction-like nose and just hangs on. Take the Remora, tie a string around its tail, cast it back into the water. It will fish for you—by attaching its vacuum-cleaner nose to other fish and delivering them to you practically intact.

Post War Solutions: G. H. GRUNDY: "There is only one solution (to the German problem) and that is to let Prussia be occupied by the Russians for three months. I think that would be enough."

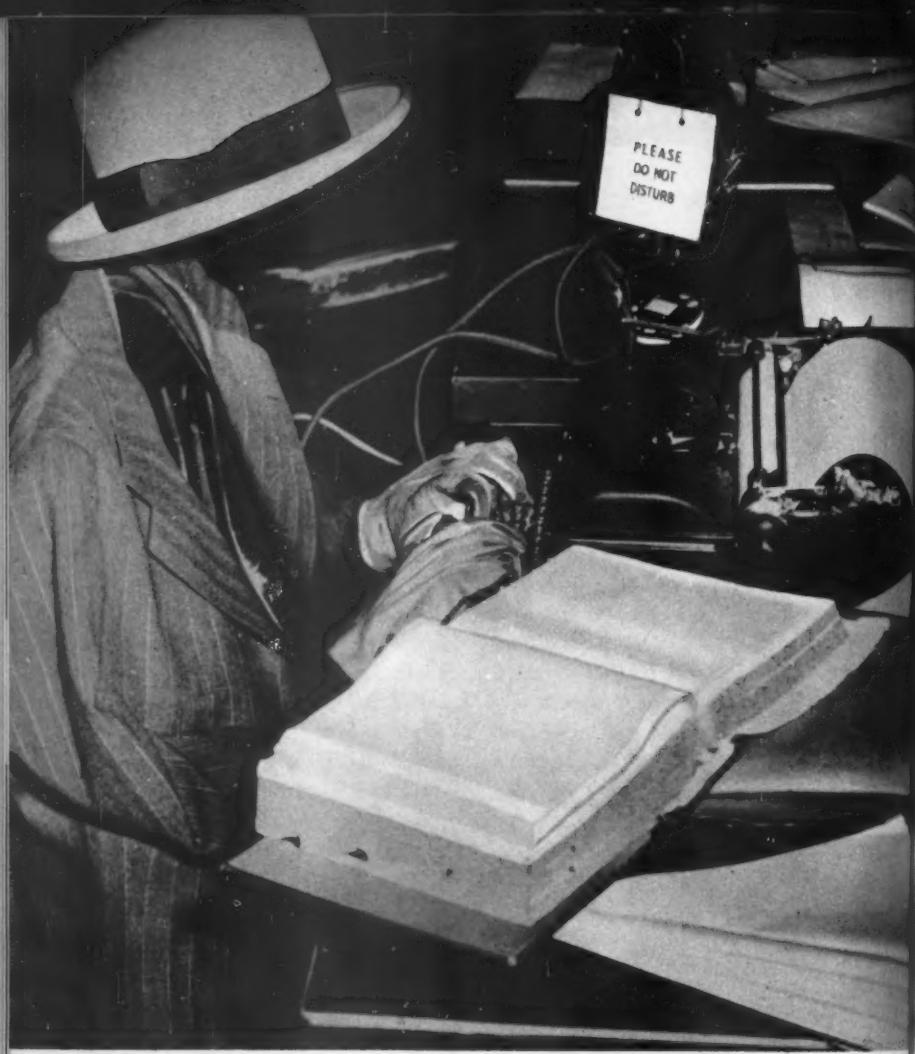
SIR HARRY CHARLES LUKE: "The ideal place of residence for them (the Axis leaders) would be Falcon Island in the Pacific. It is a volcanic type and sinks into the sea for a period of years and then rises again."

Game Book Section:



The jester is not on the jester, so well may he laugh. But is it on you? Artist Micky Strobel challenges you to find every discrepancy in his April Fool picture above.

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"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

WE GIVE you the little man who wasn't there. Last July, when an OWI broadcaster referred unkindly to the King of Italy, causing much commotion at home, the unkind words were credited to one John Durfee, who, investigation proved, was non-existent. The above photo, made at that time, is the only likeness of Durfee on record. Study it for one minute. Then after answering the questions on page 91, turn back to check yourself. If you answer seven or more questions correctly, you're doing very well indeed.

Association, Unlimited



IN THIS THOUGHT-PROVOKING word test we send you out on a mad scramble for 50 nouns that lead a double life. You are given two objects in each question, and your task is to name *some other word* which is associated with both objects, though in different ways. For example, here are two typical objects—a notary public and a zoo. Name one thing they possess in common. The answer to this question would be "seal." A bit on the frivolous side, to be sure, but good exercise for your imagination and for your vocabulary.

A fair score is 68 or more; 76 or better is good and anything over 84 is excellent. If you think of a common noun different from the one given in the answers on page 92 and consider it just as logical, mark yourself correct.

1. Needle—Potato
2. Loaf of Bread—Achilles
3. Comet—Lynx
4. Saw—Comb
5. Monty Woolley—Goat
6. Constellation—American flag
7. Laboratory—The Queen Mary
8. Olive—Theatre
9. Dog—Tree
10. Window—Lamp
11. Horse—Shirt
12. Ship—Card Player
13. Fireplace—Ship's Captain
14. Actor—Pool Shark
15. Gangster—Noise
16. Flashlight—Garden
17. Legs—Fire Truck
18. Finger—Telephone
19. Suit—Pool Table
20. Political Party—Woman's Shoe
21. House—Salt
22. Musical Composition—Cook
23. Tiffany's—Baseball
24. Railroad—Cavalryman
25. Oxford Shoe—Mouth
26. Forest—Cigarette
27. Sugar Plantation—A Stick
28. Camera—Cottage
29. Radio—Automobile Tires
30. Archer—Mine
31. Jail—Army Captain
32. Joe Louis—Two Elephants
33. Newspaper—Greek Temple
34. Bathtub—Livery Stable
35. Tie—Pine Board
36. Cigar—Dance Hall
37. Tooth—Cream Puff
38. Flower—Pipe
39. Hat—King
40. Short Story—Cemetery
41. Wallet—Bird
42. A Chinese—Movie Theatre
43. Cow—Leg
44. Door—Panama Canal
45. Seated Person—Race Track
46. Sommelier—Piano
47. Lawyer—Violin
48. Glass of Beer—Coin
49. Solid Geometry—Ice-Box
50. Pencil—Joke

Done Up Brown



PREPARE FOR A round of brown in this quiz. Each of the 20 statements below has something to do with the word "brown." In each case, check the word that you think completes the sentence. When you have checked 20 words, turn to page 92 to see how right you are. Give yourself five points for each correct answer, and add up all points for your total score. Three lieutenant pilots in the Army Air Force averaged 80 points out of a possible 100, and two sergeants in the Military Police made 75 points. Can you do as well?

1. If your best friend should find you in a brown study, he would think of you as being:
 - (a) fretful
 - (b) bewildered
 - (c) irate
 - (d) pensive
2. The housewife will quickly spot Brown Betty as a:
 - (a) baked apple
 - (b) potato pancake
 - (c) pudding
 - (d) cookie
3. The play *The Great God Brown* was written by:
 - (a) Maxwell Anderson
 - (b) Eugene O'Neill
 - (c) Clifford Odets
 - (d) William Saroyan
4. Famous on the football calendar to followers of the gridiron is the annual contest for the Little Brown Jug between:
 - (a) Notre Dame and Army
 - (b) Michigan and Minnesota
 - (c) Yale and Harvard
 - (d) Stanford and U.S.C.
5. The statesman who referred to the Filipinos as "our little brown brothers" was:
 - (a) Theodore Roosevelt
 - (b) William Howard Taft
 - (c) William McKinley
 - (d) Franklin Delano Roosevelt
6. Arthur William Brown is chiefly noted as a:
 - (a) magazine illustrator
 - (b) foreign correspondent
 - (c) composer
 - (d) poet
7. Boxing enthusiasts will recognize the Brown Bomber as:
 - (a) Harry Wills
 - (b) Jack Johnson
 - (c) Henry Armstrong
 - (d) Joe Louis
8. The activities of the Brown Swiss Breeders' Association are of especial importance to those interested in a certain breed of:
 - (a) cat
 - (b) canary
 - (c) dairy cattle
 - (d) hunting dog

9. Credit for the creation of Father Brown, that delightful fictional detective, must be given to:

- (a) G. K. Chesterton
- (b) Rex Stout
- (c) S. S. Van Dine
- (d) A. Conan Doyle

10. Unsuccessful Munich revolt by Adolf Hitler and his Brown Shirts took place in:

- (a) 1918
- (b) 1923
- (c) 1928
- (d) 1933

11. In truth, the common brown bear is a native of northern:

- (a) Europe
- (b) Australia
- (c) North America
- (d) South America

12. Even though you may be strictly city-bred, you should still recall the brown thrasher as a:

- (a) fresh-water fish
- (b) farm implement
- (c) song bird
- (d) whip

13. Remember your Mother Goose rhymes? It was there that brown bread and butter was given to:

- (a) Little Jack Horner
- (b) Little Tom Tucker
- (c) Little Boy Blue
- (d) Little Bob Snooks

14. Because of the reddish-brown sandstone quarried within its borders, the descriptive nickname of Brownstate State refers to:

- (a) Colorado
- (b) Connecticut
- (c) New Mexico
- (d) Pennsylvania

15. The familiar strains of *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* should bring to mind their composer:

- (a) Victor Herbert
- (b) George Gershwin
- (c) John Howard Payne
- (d) Stephen Collins Foster

16. The brown coal that burns easily with a smoky flame is known as:

- (a) lignite
- (b) peat
- (c) anthracite
- (d) bituminous

17. An order to an experienced soda-jerker for a brown boulevard should bring you a chocolate:

- (a) ice cream soda
- (b) ice cream cone
- (c) sundae
- (d) sherbet

18. The national pastime fans will have no trouble identifying the Browns in the American League as the baseball team representing:

- (a) Chicago
- (b) St. Louis
- (c) Boston
- (d) Detroit

19. A man, reaching for his Brown Mule, is merely showing a preference for:

- (a) snuff
- (b) a corncob pipe
- (c) smoking tobacco
- (d) chewing tobacco

20. One glance should reveal which one of the colors below is not a shade of brown:

- (a) auburn
- (b) hazel
- (c) reseda
- (d) roan

Just Fooling



GET ON YOUR MENTAL TOES, because we're out to trip you. This quiz is saturated with the spirit of All Fools' Day. There's a joker in each of the following questions, so keep a sharp eye and a clear head. If you are able to answer 10 or more questions correctly, consider yourself fairly on the brain beam. Between 6 and 9 correct rates you a dub, and below 6 gives you the unesteemed title of gourdhead. Can you take it? Answers are on page 92.

1. Which sees more clearly in total darkness, an owl or bat?
2. Who was Shakespeare's favorite actress?
3. What is the only four-letter word in the English language which ends in *eny*?
4. When she lays an egg, does a hen sit or set?
5. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had to meet four requirements before becoming a third-term president:
 - a. Be a native-born American
 - b. Be at least 35 years old
 - c. Live in this country for 14 years or more
 - d. ??
6. What country now controls the islands of Langerhans?
7. Which words are misspelled?
 - a. desiccate
 - b. embarrassment
 - c. indispensable
8. You're the engineer of a train making the run between New York and Chicago—about 1,000 miles. The average speed is 50 m.p.h., with six 10-minute stops en route. What's the engineer's name?
9. If a man, whom we'll call Mr. A, marries his aunt's sister-in-law, whom we'll call Miss B, what's the relationship between A and B?
10. Who is the wife of the president of the American Red Cross?
11. If, in a fit of anger, your boss called you an insect, why would he be wrong?
12. You unexpectedly enter a dark room, and have only one match. In the room are:
 - a. a kerosene lamp
 - b. an oil stove
 - c. a cigarette

Which would you light first?

13. Does the Mississippi River flow East and West or North and South?
14. Hedy Lamarr visited an Army hospital, walked into the ward, and kissed all of the 20 soldiers on her left as she walked down the aisle. Then, walking back, she kissed all the 20 fellows on her right. How many soldiers did she kiss?
15. Count from 10 to 1 backwards.
16. How many more fingers have you than thumbs?

Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 86.)

1. "John Durfee" wears a:
 - a. light hat with a dark band
 - b. dark hat with a light band
 - c. light hat with a light band
2. He wears a:
 - a. checked coat
 - b. striped coat
 - c. dark plain coat
3. He wears a:
 - a. white shirt and tie
 - b. dark open shirt
 - c. no shirt or tie
4. He wears:
 - a. light leather gloves
 - b. dark leather gloves
 - c. mittens
5. He is apparently:
 - a. telephoning
 - b. writing
 - c. typing
6. At his right is a:
 - a. brief case
 - b. open book
 - c. box of pencils
7. At his left is an:
 - a. upright telephone with dial
 - b. cradle telephone with dial
 - c. upright telephone without dial
8. The sign on the telephone says:
 - a. Please Keep Hands Off
 - b. Please Do Not Disturb
 - c. Quiet Please
9. On the desk are some:
 - a. magazines
 - b. lead pencils
 - c. large envelopes
10. In the background can be seen:
 - a. the leg of another man
 - b. a sleeping dog
 - c. "John Durfee" is alone

Sharpen Your Wits and Your Pencils—

for the Coronet Quick Quiz!

You won't want to miss this new, exciting and entertainment-filled radio program coast-to-coast over the Blue Network every Saturday night 9:55 p.m. EWT.

In addition to its fun-filled five minutes of quips and questions, the Coronet Quick Quiz offers you a chance to win a \$100 War Bond. For the best set of six questions sent in each week and used over the program, Coronet will award a \$100 War Bond. Send in your set of questions to Coronet, Box 7200, Chicago, Illinois.

And remember—listen to the Coronet Quick Quiz this Saturday night—you'll enjoy it!

Answers . . .

To Cover Quiz

The last laugh is yours if you're able to add to our list of errors:

1. Baby chicks with cat
2. Cat has two tails
3. Policeman wears one laced shoe, one buttoned shoe
4. He wears an ice skate and a roller skate
5. He wears a petticoat
6. His coat has 4 buttons on one side, 5 on the other
7. His sleeve is rolled up
8. He wears star on his stomach
9. His cap has 2 visors
10. Dark-haired girl wears formal with Mexican hat
11. She wears nut and bolt corsage
12. She wears half a necklace
13. Tiny girl wears sweater backwards
14. Hurdy Gurdy man wears no shoes
15. Shoe on the Hurdy Gurdy
16. Faucet on the Hurdy Gurdy
17. Bottle growing from branch
18. Fish asleep on branch
19. Snake friendly with bird
20. Young girl's socks mismatched
21. Sailor wears sergeant's chevrons
22. He has three hands
23. Blonde girl wears ballet skirt
24. Fork and spoon in her hat

To "Association, Unlimited"

1. Eye	11. Collar	21. Cellar	31. Bars	41. Bill
2. Heel	12. Deck	22. Measure	32. Trunks	42. Queue
3. Tail	13. Log	23. Diamond	33. Columns	43. Calf
4. Teeth	14. Cue	24. Spur	34. Plug	44. Lock
5. Beard	15. Racket	25. Tongue	35. Knot	45. Lap
6. Stars	16. Bulb	26. Ash	36. Band	46. Keys
7. Funnel	17. Hose	27. Cane	37. Filling	47. Case
8. Pit	18. Ring	28. Shutter	38. Stem	48. Head
9. Bark	19. Pockets	29. Tubes	39. Crown	49. Cubes
10. Shade	20. Platform	30. Shaft	40. Plot	50. Point

To "Done Up Brown"

1. (d)	5. (b)	9. (a)	13. (b)	17. (a)
2. (c)	6. (a)	10. (b)	14. (b)	18. (b)
3. (b)	7. (d)	11. (a)	15. (d)	19. (d)
4. (b)	8. (c)	12. (c)	16. (a)	20. (e)

To "Just Fooling"

1. Neither. In total darkness it is impossible to see anything.
2. Shakespeare never saw an actress. In his day, all stage roles were played by men and boys.
3. Deny.
4. Neither: she stands.
5. d. Had to serve 2 previous terms.
6. The islands of Langerhans is part of the human pancreas.
7. All words are spelled correctly.
8. Your name—you are the engineer.
9. Husband and wife.
10. Eleanor Roosevelt.
11. All true insects have six legs.
12. The match.
13. It flows South. A river can't flow East and West or North and South.
14. Twenty. She kissed the same soldiers twice.
15. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
16. Six (8 fingers, minus 2 thumbs).

An indomitable spirit, imagination and a fund of well-directed energy enabled one man to provide means of livelihood for scores of his sightless brothers



Blind Man's Buffer

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

WHEN YOU STEP up to a cigar counter in any one of a score of America's major cities to buy your smokes from a blind man, chances are that you're participating in a multi-million dollar enterprise. It's a venture that gives hundreds of sightless men and women a buffer against poverty, charity and idleness simply by enabling them to make a living.

One of them, for instance, is Harry B. Brown.

A few years ago Harry was book-keeper for an insurance company. He married and started to raise a family. Then his eyes failed. He had to give up his job; he used up his savings, and finally went on relief. He looked like a candidate for charity for years to come—but a visit by another blind man changed the whole picture.

"How would you like to make your own living again?" asked his visitor. "I'll see to it that you are set up with

a refreshment and cigar counter of your own. It can pay enough to keep your family going."

The location was secured, the stand was set up, and Harry borrowed 50 dollars as initial capital to buy his stock. His knowledge of business and accounts proved valuable, and he added to it the determination to go more than half-way in being obliging to his patrons. He "trained" with another station operator for a few days and then launched out for himself.

In two weeks he had paid back the loan and was making enough to buy groceries. In less than a year he and his family were entirely self-supporting. He has done so well that now his annual turnover is more than 15 thousand dollars. He has bought and paid for a home, owns an auto which his wife drives, and is giving his three children an excellent education. At the present time his profits run from

sixty to eighty dollars weekly.

Harry's blind benefactor, who has aided at least 50 blind people in Chicago, is George E. Piper, a man whose story is already legendary in the world of the sightless. With his white cane, he plows from one end of Chicago to the other, drumming up locations for stands, having them built, raising capital to stock them, and finally staffing them with blind men who are cheerful, able and determined to be independent. He is the founder and promoter of Business Opportunities for the Blind, an Illinois non-profit corporation which has a group of Chicago's ablest men working for it without pay to give the sightless a chance.

Piper himself was a child of normal vision until he was 12 years old; then scarlet fever struck him, and his sight began to fail. In a short time he could see nothing in the way of objects or people. All that was left to him was the faint perception of light.

He transferred to the Illinois School for the Blind at Jacksonville, where he finished high school. Then he studied two years at a college of expression, intending to teach public speaking. Instead, he went in for speech correction, dealing with victims of stuttering and stammering. That kind of work didn't pay well, and he had his father to support. So he decided to go into the selling field instead. Piper sold insurance for awhile, and then silk hosiery. He became familiar with house-to-house canvassing. All this time he was formulating in his mind a scheme whereby not only he,

but other blind men as well, might get into business for themselves. He found the first big hurdle was not the handicap itself, but the fact that sighted people feel the blind have to be cared for.

George decided that a chain of stands in public buildings might be the best bet. He went to the governor of Illinois, who agreed to support his proposal of a state program. Other political leaders were won over, and the legislature appropriated five thousand dollars for a two-year effort to place the blind in business. Piper himself became head of the project.

THE FIRST stands he set up were in relief and police headquarters in Chicago. Piper placed in them two former piano tuners whose jobs had fizzled out with the advent of radio. He taught them how to place their brands of cigars and cigarettes, candy, gum, magazines and newspapers so that they were within instant reach; he gave them booster talks on the value of cheerfulness, warning them not to withdraw into their shells as the blind are tempted to do. Soon a third stand was needed, and it went to a novelty salesman whose wife is also blind.

Then Piper decided to expand. He opened up stands for blind men in the courthouses of other Illinois cities: Joliet, Rockford, Danville and Freeport, and in a station at Champaign. That first year he set up 15 blind men in businesses of their own.

One or two families made self-supporting each month was the record Piper attained over a period of years.

In Chicago alone he opened 50 stands, many of which are permanent. (One of the latest beneficiaries of his efforts is a blind veteran of the present war, a soldier in the U. S. Signal Corps.)

But Piper still wasn't satisfied. He found that correlation of effort was needed. A blind man might get tired of his job and want to give up his stand, and there was nothing to keep him from selling it to a sighted person, which would mean one less opening for a blind man. Besides, it was a haphazard task soliciting funds and materials for each stand. So he enlisted a number of Chicago's leading men in forming Business Opportunities for the Blind. A motor dealer is president, and an optical company executive is vice-president. A blind attorney is secretary.

THE CORPORATION functions in closest cooperation with Piper, who is a state employe—he not only heads up but virtually *is* the organized activity. He has a one-room office, in which he is executive, typist, file clerk, and telephone operator. But much of his time is spent on the outside, keeping contact with the blind men running the stands and enlarging the field for new businesses.

The aim of Business Opportunities for the Blind is to free the enterprise from any taint of begging or from any solicitation of business because of a handicap. Service of a full value for the money it pays, is rendered the public, and operators of stands seek trade on the basis of merit, not favoritism. A percentage of the receipts of

each stand goes into a fund which is used to find new locations and to underwrite new stands. It also serves as a reserve or capital for carrying along an operator until his business begins to show a profit.

Business Opportunities for the Blind does more than merely place the sightless man on the job. It now guarantees him a living salary and a commission on all his sales. It also trains him for his work in dealing with the public. Stand locations are secured with a view to permanent, not transient trade—not where crowds are thickest but where the same people come day after day. The idea is to build up a permanent clientele.

The largest stand that Piper has sponsored is located in a war agencies building, and it does a gross business exceeding 30 thousand dollars a year. It is run by a former bank supplies salesman who lost his sight the same year that most people lost their money—1929. Probably the most interesting stand, from the standpoint of variety of patrons, is located in the marriage license bureau of Chicago. The specialty there is soft drinks for impending brides and grooms. The operator of the stand, blinded by an explosion when a boy, supports his wife and two daughters.

Piper's objective now for Business Opportunities for the Blind is two hundred new stands, and the permanent rehabilitation of that many families. He aims to make the margin of profit greater for the operators by a central buying bureau—in fact, to use all known methods of efficient business

for the benefit of his blind protégés.

More than one thousand blind persons, mostly family heads, are operating stands throughout the various cities, and are doing business totaling millions of dollars a year. Their activity has proved to be one of the most important, most profitable and most stable industries for the blind. Very few move out or give up—they find their contacts with the public one of the most pleasant phases of their business. And the movement has saved the public heavy maintenance expense.

What Piper is to Illinois, another hard-working blind man is to the nation at large—J. F. Clunk, chief of the U. S. Office of Service for the

Blind. He has initiated the movement in many cities. His own experience—going to bed one night with perfect vision and waking the next morning completely blind—would have paralyzed a less courageous spirit. Instead, it stimulated within Clunk the determination to help alleviate the handicaps of blindness in others by making them independent.

Piper and Clunk have many things in common, one of which is this bit of practical philosophy which they pass on as a challenge to sightless men as they go on their own:

“It isn’t the fact that you are blind that spells success or failure—it’s what you do in spite of it that counts.”

Scornets

■ ASKED BY a Republican biggie for an endorsement of the GOP’s presidential candidate of 1928, Clarence Darrow gibed, “Hoover, if elected, will accomplish the almost incomprehensible feat of making a great man out of Coolidge.”

—IRVING HOFFMAN

■ ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT attached this note to the manuscripts of young hopefuls who harassed him with their literary output, “I have read your manuscript and *much* like it.”—SHEPARD HENKIN

■ REVIEWING A TOME called *A Defense of the Letters of Phalaris*, Thomas Babington Macaulay noted scathingly, “The best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which the writer was profoundly ignorant.”

—MAUDE BRADEN

■ DISGRUNTLED AT HIS LOW WAGE and confused array of duties as teacher at an Alaskan school, a young Eskimo grumbled:

“I have been in the Indian Service all my life. I have seen much inefficiency, but this is the first place where I have seen it planned.”

—J. H. MATTIX

■ ASKED BY A new Member of Parliament whether he should take part in debate, Disraeli replied, “No. It is far better that the House should wonder why you do *not* speak than why you do.”

—MORRIS ERNST

Because she knows what makes economics tick, this chic Phi Beta Kappa became columnist, treasury mentor and Wall Street's First Lady



Wizardress of Wall Street

by LOWELL BRENTANO

ON DECEMBER 16, 1942, a beautiful 29-year-old brunette was publicly branded in the Senate as "the biggest liar in the United States." The official statement by Senator Edwin Johnson of Colorado is duly recorded in the Congressional Record.

The spark which had ignited Senators Johnson of Colorado and McCarran of Nevada was an article in a national publication. In it Sylvia Porter, the beauty from Wall Street, accused the "Silver Senators" of withholding desperately-needed silver from the country. And she stated a very persuasive case.

While the senators raved, Miss Porter replied simply:

"As yet there has been no serious attempt to disprove the facts." Two independent bodies gave more effective answers. On June 5, the National Headliner's Club—a countrywide organization of newspapermen—

awarded Sylvia Porter a medal for the best Financial and Business Reporting in 1942. She was the second woman to be so honored in the history of the society. Better yet—on July 7—Congress passed the Green Bill, authorizing the Treasury to sell its hoard of free silver at 71.11 cents an ounce to industry. Sylvia had put the senators on a toboggan and given them a deft shove.

It was a triumph, but then Sylvia F. Porter, economist, had been triumphing over men and youth for 10 years. She had begun her career in economics when she was 19 years old—and for very personal reasons.

Until the stock market crash of 1929, the Feldman family had been living off porterhouse and cake. That year Sylvia flung herself into every course on economics offered at Hunter College. She was "determined to find out how people could be rich on

Monday and poor on Tuesday," as her own family had been. It's because she found out such hows and whys that someone resembling a Long Island glamor girl could skyrocket from college to national fame and the Congressional Record in only 10 years.

Her career has always come first. She married R. R. Porter, a youthful executive of the Irving Trust Company, while she was still in college. But she didn't allow marriage to interfere either with her college course or her subsequent career on Wall Street. In fact not even a honeymoon disturbed her hot pursuit of knowledge until she had graduated from Hunter magna cum laude.

July 8, 1932—that memorable day when stocks hit their depression lows—19-year-old Sylvia landed her first job. Arthur William Glass of the firm of Glass and Krey, Investment Counsel, New York, took one look at her Phi Beta Kappa key and hired her.

To a casual observer the firm of Glass and Krey might have looked as if it were directed by the Marx Brothers and Dorothy Parker. Glass, a West Point graduate and mathematical genius, had married the daughter of a multi-millionaire associated with the American Viscose Corporation. The firm did not actively solicit outside clients. Its avowed purpose was to preserve and increase the fortune of Mrs. Glass, her family, and a few friends. Sylvia was immediately regarded as a junior partner at 20 dollars a week and raised to 25 dollars at the end of the first week, plus bonuses on the profits.

Business boomed, zaney fashion. Glass didn't believe in "stock market gambling" and preferred to concentrate on bonds. He was wiser than he knew. When the public debt began increasing in 1933, a new bond issue was floated every few months. Glass and Sylvia, the Babes in the Woods, wanted to play a sure thing, so they bought bonds and sold them when they went up. They started timidly with thousands and ended majestically with millions.

"The firm" arrived at decisions by a continuous series of hunches and three-hour-lunch discussions. One of Sylvia's earliest coups was to devise a method for drawing bond charts—no one had ever thought of making government bond charts for speculative purposes before.

Often when Glass had an idea, he would phone Sylvia—regardless of the hour. One of the most memorable of these midnight telephone calls came in April, 1933, when Glass and Sylvia had been debating the possibility of the United States going off the gold standard. Glass said only, "Bring a bag with you tomorrow. Pack enough stuff for a week." In the morning, he said little more. He simply loaded Sylvia and 10 Western Union messengers, each carrying a new suitcase, into taxis and told the drivers to go to the Furness Line Pier.

Sylvia, it seemed, was going to Bermuda, with 11 suitcases. The 10 new ones contained 175 thousand dollars in gold coins, and her instructions were to "sit on them" until Glass telephoned. "Don't deposit them in

any bank" were his last words before the boat sailed.

As the boat entered Hamilton Harbor, Sylvia received a cable: "The expected has happened. Await instructions." She carted her burden to the hotel and barricaded the bedroom. Soon thereafter novice economist Porter sold the gold for pounds. With the pounds, she purchased United Kingdom bonds, brought the bonds back to the United States and converted them into dollars. Within a week the firm of Glass and Krey had realized a profit of almost 10 dollars an ounce for every ounce of gold Sylvia had carried to Bermuda.

But Sylvia's career has two sides. She has lost, too, almost as grandly as she has won. Her first failure came when, at the advanced age of 21, she left Glass to go on her own. She found an amiable sponsor, R. W. Mansfield, who contributed five thousand dollars to her enterprise. With him she created the government bond service of Mansfield and Staff—to be issued three times weekly—price 126 dollars a year. Their first subscribers were the Chase National Bank and The Discount Corporation.

Sylvia did the research and wrote the entire service. Mansfield saw to the printing, mailing and securing of new business. They each drew 20 dollars weekly. (With Glass, Sylvia had been netting about four thousand dollars a year.) At the end of six months, they had one hundred customers. Their working capital was still intact, but they were just covering their salaries. By mutual consent, the

combination of Mansfield and Porter quietly disbanded. A few weeks later, Sylvia was back in the Glass office.

The firm's first big deal on her return was another magnificent miscalculation. It was 1935. Everyone in Wall Street was bewildered by the clause in certain bonds permitting the holders to demand repayment in gold. Most financial leaders did not believe the Supreme Court would sustain the Executive Order outlawing this clause. For once Glass and Sylvia followed majority opinion, and plunged heavily. On a two and three point margin, they purchased millions in government bonds containing a gold clause. In June, the bubble broke. The Supreme Court upheld the abrogation of the gold clause and bond prices plummeted. At their most optimistic, Glass and Sylvia could only say that they had escaped with "merely a slight loss."

From the very beginning as a Hunter undergraduate, Sylvia had had two ambitions: to be an economist, and to write. With three years of experience under her belt these ambitions began to fuse. She had written a weekly bond column for the *American Banker* back in 1933. It was the first government bond column ever published by a financial paper. She was only 20 years old at the time. She applied for the job and wrote the column as "S. F. Porter," so that for months the editor didn't know she was a girl. After the column had been hitting the high spots about Mr. Morgenthau and his policies, the *American Banker* received an invitation

from the Treasury Department to send "S. F. Porter" to Washington for a personal interview. The embarrassed editor refused—expressing "extreme regret that we have to inform you that conditions are such as to make this impossible."

Sylvia's second—and bigger—writing job took her away from Glass and Krey for keeps. For in July, 1935, Harry B. Nason, Jr., then managing editor of the *New York Post*, agreed to let her do three columns weekly at space rates. In August, he took her on as a regular financial reporter. In 1938 she began her daily column "Financial Postmarks," which three years later was renamed "S. F. Porter Says." The next year the *Post's* editor-in-chief decided officially that the paper would let the world know S. F. Porter was a woman, not an old man with a long white beard.

For the past five years Sylvia Porter had handled enough careers to occupy an army of feminists. Besides her *Post* column, she is a frequent radio speaker and for a year had her own program on WJZ. Her articles appear frequently in leading national magazines.* She lectures throughout the country. In 1940, when most Americans were enjoying their security ostrich-fashion, she wrote a book, *If War Comes to the American Home*, in which she blueprinted many things which are happening today.

Washington was impressed, and the long deferred meeting with Secretary Morgenthau took place in De-

cember, 1940. At that time Sylvia was in Florida. On Saturday morning the *Post* telephoned her to catch the first train North—they had arranged for her to talk with Morgenthau Sunday at 10 a.m. She reached Washington at 7 p.m., in thin summer clothing. A blizzard was raging. Sylvia found one bargain dress shop still open, bought the only outfit that fit her—a black dress for 10 dollars and 95 cents and a nondescript hat for a dollar and 95 cents. The clerk lent her a somewhat moth-eaten coat. In this Sadie Thompson outfit, economist Porter met and talked with Secretary Morgenthau for three hours. She has been a consultant at the Treasury many times since.

Four years ago Sylvia and her husband "just decided not to be married any more," and were divorced. She looked forward to a life of single blessedness as a career woman. However such beautiful one-track-mindedness lasted only until May, 1943, when she married Sumner Collins, circulation promotion manager of the *New York Journal-American* and the *American Weekly*. Collins hates the Newspaper Guild. Sylvia is its ardent backer. She once helped support the same strike against the Hearst-owned Milwaukee *Sentinel* which Collins, then the *Sentinel's* promotion manager, spent seven feverish months fighting. That was before they met. Sylvia now believes she will someday get her husband to a union ball.

Sylvia's almost prodigal success lies half in the fact that she is a woman, half in the fact that she licked being a

* See *Midas Is a Lady* by Sylvia F. Porter, November, 1943, *Coronet*.

woman. She has a man's stamina, a woman's way of translating the abstract and theoretical into the personal. She is a crusader, but she makes no pretense at originality. Her talent is the common touch.

Why do things happen? When Sylvia writes why gold flows from one country to another, why businesses fail,

why industries develop, she is thinking in terms of the average American's desire—whether it be for a silver-plated saxophone or a star sapphire, a medical degree or a house. Economics is simply a means of explaining why we get them or why we don't.

When Sylvia Porter does the explaining, economics makes sense.

Shock Absorbers

■ WHEN work began on a new apartment building in New York's Gramercy Park a few years ago, neighborhood residents were treated to a thunderous racket. This big mauve sign erected on the structure, however, made it easier to take.

OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES
TO OUR NEIGHBORS
FOR THE UNAVOIDABLE ANNOYANCE
THIS HAMMERING MUST OCCASION

And the day that silence returned, Gramercy Park folks grinned happily at a new sign:

THE LAST RIVET HAS BEEN DRIVEN
WE, TOO, ARE GLAD.

—FREDERIC CARRUTHERS

■ LORD MINTO, onetime Viceroy of India, queried one of his servants on the progress an American guest had been making in hunting.

"The young sahib shoots divinely," replied the scrupulously polite Hindu, "but Providence is merciful to the birds." —SID GARFIELD

■ FRANZ OSBORN, the London pianist, was guest at the home of a banker friend who was telling of his flight from Tiflis, Russia in 1917 with enormous quantities of paper money. Soon afterwards the fortune became entirely worthless.

"Look," he laughed wryly, "I have kept it." And he plunged his hands into a drawer full of crumpled bills, bringing out several hundred and thousand ruble notes.

Osborn was intrigued. "My wife was born in Tiflis," he said. "Since these rubles are worthless, may I have one to take her as a souvenir?"

"Why certainly," beamed the banker, "help yourself."

The pianist fished out a thousand-ruble bill, folded it and started to put it in his pocket.

"Er-please," interrupted the banker with a doubtful smile, "wouldn't you rather take a hundred-ruble bill?" —MAX OSBORN

Today's detectives apply psychology and drama to track down lawbreakers. The third degree is as outmoded as gaslights



Booby Traps for Criminals

by CLEMENT J. WYLE

THREE PEOPLE were brutally murdered on December 9, 1929 in Brooklyn when a bomb exploded. An Italian lumberman, suspected of the crime, insisted his friend was the slayer.

The friend was arrested and brought to headquarters. Both men were placed in adjoining rooms. Soon angry voices came from the friend's chamber, then terrifying screams. Five minutes later the man emerged, his face streaked with blood.

The lumberman took one glance at him and paled. "Don't beat him any more!" he shouted. "I sent the bomb. I swear I did!"

For all his brutality, the slayer could not bear to see an innocent person tortured. Detectives had surmised this and carefully set the stage. They smeared greasepaint "blood" on the friend and instructed him to shout his lungs out.

Like this murderer, hundreds of

lawbreakers talk their way into prison each year. Skillful police work, however—not the rubber hose—is most often responsible for their confessions.

Not always, though, are elaborate ruses necessary to trap criminals. A good number are so distraught when they are arrested that a few encouraging words will loosen their tongues. Typical goads are: "Get it off your chest, Joe. You'll feel better." Or, "Lots of people make mistakes . . ."

Sometimes even the mother appeal gets results. The toughest criminals have softened at the respectful mention of the "old lady." And with young offenders, especially, a remark like: "If you were my son I'd tell you to come clean" may do the trick.

Veteran criminals are harder to crack. Yet they also are likely to falter if they are taken to the scene of the crime or shown a blood-stained garment, a weapon or any other evidence

to remind them of their handiwork.

Should such simple tactics fail, officials are far from discouraged. Their knowledge of the criminal's make-up —his weaknesses, likes, dislikes, fears —can still be used to advantage.

For example, gangsters distrust one another. They feel that a buddy—if high-pressed—will squeal. Police often score by playing on that fear.

They place two prisoners in separate cells and tell them: "Your partner spilled the goods on you." Often each falls for this lie, becomes furious, and responds with an accusation against his partner. Both their stories, pieced together, break the case.

Most tough birds are as vain as peacocks. They like to be called big shots, crave recognition, and treasure their press notices more than a matinee idol. Sometimes their abnormal desire to show how tough they are blots out their natural instinct for self-preservation.

Take the six hoodlums who were picked up in New York for the murder of an "El" cashier. The slaying occurred in 1935. Evidence against them was weak. After hours of fruitless grilling, District Attorney Geoghan asked them if they would tell their stories before the newsreel cameras.

Immensely pleased, the culprits agreed. While the sound apparatus was being set up, they straightened their neckties and slicked their hair. Then, while the cameras ground away, each proudly described his part in the crime. Therefore, Geoghan was able to send them to the death house. He had found the weak link in their armor.

With some lawbreakers, consideration for a girl friend is the Achilles' heel. An insinuation that she might be dragged into the case makes them pliable. Others, particularly those awaiting trial, are so immersed in their troubles that they will tell them to any willing listener—any, that is, except a detective. And if such a prisoner has a cell-mate with the same inclination, before long both may be weeping on each other's shoulders. Which is why detectives now and then pend a few weeks in "stir." Masquerading as prisoners, they can obtain valuable information.

CULTIVATING the friendship of a criminal who is in hiding pays the same dividends. About 25 years ago, Michael Fiaschetti, formerly of the Italian Squad in New York, obtained work as a laborer on a farm near Fairport, New York, where a murder suspect, Mike Casalino, was employed. In time, the pair decided to become roommates.

One night the sleuth appeared dejected. He claimed a murder in which he was involved was preying on his mind. Casalino commiserated with him. And with that, Casalino spouted every detail of the double slaying which he and his gang had committed on Long Island.

On the other hand, some prisoners are tempted into disclosures by the cold shoulder treatment. This is how it was applied to Herman W. Seidel, who confessed in 1937 to a crime committed in the vicinity of Fairfield, Connecticut, four years previously.

The police, who had nothing more than a strong hunch against the man, placed him in a car and drove round the town without uttering a word.

Seidel started to squirm. "What's this all about?" he demanded.

The officers did not reply. They drove around for another hour, then another. Finally the jittery Seidel could stand it no longer. "Talk to me, for Heaven's sake!" he pleaded. Again there were no replies. "All right, I killed the guy!" he shrieked. "But talk to me, or I'll go crazy!"

The silent degree had proved an effective weapon against a killer who might otherwise have remained free.

TELLING PETTY offenders you believe they're implicated in more serious crimes is another of the many tricks in the police repertoire. It has drawn out responses like: "Sure, I stole—but I'd never murder anyone." Still another trick is to flatter lawbreakers. Sooner or later, compliments will throw them off guard and they'll drop an important lead.

Following the murder in 1936 of a Mrs. Agnes Roffeis, Chicago detectives took into custody Roland Monroe, who had made deliveries to her home. They chatted with him for a while the following day, drifting from one subject to another. Then Monroe happened to remark that he wanted to be a detective.

"You'd make a capable one," they told him. The suspect beamed.

The problem of snaring Mrs. Roffeis' murderer was discussed. "Did they find the hammer?" Monroe asked.

Detectives smiled at each other. No one, except them, had known a hammer was the lethal weapon. Monroe, therefore, must have been involved in the crime. They told him so. He grew confused, then broke down. The case was solved.

When questioning a more intelligent prisoner, the detective usually has to work on a trial-and-error basis. A safe bet, though, is to enmesh the culprit in a maze of lies and then show him up. That will frequently lead to a confession, for this reason: a criminal knows he has little chance of escaping sentence if a jury hears of his falsehoods. Consequently, he'd rather plead guilty, throw himself at the mercy of the court and gamble on winning a lighter sentence.

A prisoner, of course, can save himself the trouble of lying by refusing to talk. Yet not infrequently the police have overcome that obstacle by feeding their man suitable bait.

Soon after the death of a matron in 1927 in London, for instance, officials there were certain she had been murdered by her lover, a man named Robinson. Chances of convicting him, however, were slim unless it could be proved that he was actually at the scene of the crime.

Questioned, Robinson refused to answer. At last an inspector told him: "We're only asking your help in clearing up this affair. We think it was suicide. Was it?"

"Sure it was!" Robinson exclaimed, certain he had fooled the police. "I saw her do it myself."

That settled matters and the slayer

eventually was sent to the gallows.

Besides being good psychologists, many modern detectives are adroit actors as well. In Washington, a suspected fire-bug wouldn't even whimper until a detective "accidentally" tossed a burning cigarette lighter into a wastepaper basket. The flames shot desk-high. At a prearranged signal officers poured into the room, shouting in feigned excitement.

The prisoner joined them babbling with insane glee. A detective turned to him and excitedly whispered: "Almost as nice as the fire you started yesterday, isn't it?"

"Yeah! Yeah!" the pyromaniac gloated, hypnotized by the flames—and before they were extinguished he reeled off a succession of his other fiendish ventures.

Then there's the case of Frank

Heideman, believed to have killed a girl in Asbury Park. Raymond Schindler, noted private detective, was retained to get the goods on him.

An agent of Schindler's became very friendly with Heideman. One night they drove to Westchester. There the agent started a fight with a stranger and killed him. Heideman did not dream the murder was faked.

When the two returned to New York, the agent said he would have to flee to Germany to avoid arrest. Heideman begged to be taken along.

The other man refused. "You might squeal on me."

"I'll give you a hold on me, too," countered Heideman. "I killed a girl in Asbury Park."

Schindler, hidden in the next room, took down every word of the confession. The slayer went to the chair.

Breaking the Tape

■ RED TAPE IS no recent product. Back in Queen Victoria's time, when some of the windows in Windsor Castle needed cleaning, it was found that the outside of the panes belonged to the Woods and Forests department and the inside to the Lord Steward's. Since there was no getting together on the time to clean them, and useless to clean one and not the other, both sides remained dirty until the red tape was cut and the two departments could combine on their segregated duties.

— HARRY JENKINS, JR.

■ IRVIN S. COBB, the famous humorist, was discussing Army red tape one day. "But there's always been a certain amount of red tape in wartime," asserted his companion.

Cobb shook his head and cited a document he had seen at the Richmond Confederate Memorial Institute. One side of the document, in excellent Spencerian handwriting and perfect phrasing, was a formal request for a leave written by an Army captain and addressed to General Bedford Forrest.

On the back the general had scrawled briefly, "I tol you twict, goddamit, no!" — *The Communique*, Camp Livingston, Louisiana

Tamers of rivers and levelers of mountains, this modest pair who have built the world's largest dams are famed abroad, unknown here



Lords of the Rivers

by RICHARD LEE STROUT

IN 1938 A CABLE came from Australia via London. Behind its official formality lay a frantic appeal. The great Burrinjuck Dam in New South Wales—240 feet tall—threatened to collapse. Enormous loss of life impended. Would Mr. Savage give his advice?

Washington officials scratched their heads. Who was Mr. Savage? The State Department didn't know. The White House hadn't heard. Maybe the Bureau of Reclamation which builds dams for the Interior Department could tell.

Yes, the Bureau knew him. It forwarded the message hastily to a modest office in Denver—workshop of the Bureau's chief designing engineer, quiet, baldish John Lucian Savage, then 59 years old. Mr. Savage is the fantastically unassuming man who curbed the Colorado and the Columbia rivers, who designed the five big-

gest concrete dams on earth and 60 others. He is known and honored all over the world. Yet, paradoxically, few Americans have heard of him.

Mr. Savage packed his valise.

"Where are you going?" asked his cohorts.

"The Burrinjuck Dam is threatened," said Mr. Savage.

"Never heard of it."

"It's in Australia," stated Savage.

"So—?" replied his colleagues. "Don't you know there's a law which prohibits citizens of the United States from accepting emoluments from foreign countries? You'll have to wait for Congress to pass an act permitting you to go—that is, unless you go at your own expense."

Savage hurriedly sent the following telegram to Commissioner John C. Page of the Bureau of Reclamation:

ANY ASSISTANCE GIVEN THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES WILL BE

GRATIS AND I SHALL NOT ACCEPT ANY FEE OR OTHER FORM OF COMPENSATION OR ANY REIMBURSEMENT FOR EXPENSES. THE CONTACTS WITH OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS ON THE OTHER SIDE AND AN OVERDUE VACATION WILL BE SUFFICIENT RECOMPENSE.

Savage took the first boat to London where the emergency consultation concerning the 25-year-old dam was to take place. In London they did not ask who Savage was. They knew. In fact, it was generally known that the accumulated total of structures designed by Savage was over one billion dollars.

The famous American dam designer looked over the problem. On the basis of the hasty parley and a first-hand inspection of the big structure itself, Savage recommended the corrective measures that helped to save it and possibly thousands of lives. Though harder to fix than to build a new dam, the latter couldn't be done because of the danger of imminent collapse.

Two years later, incidentally, Congress unanimously passed a bill authorizing the President to detail Savage to Australia—which was still anxious about the dam—and to India, which had meanwhile put in a bid for his services. Congress passed the measure as a friendly gesture to these countries. Mexico wanted Savage's aid too, and got it.

Like Savage, the men who build his dams are heralded abroad and little known here—outside of the engineering profession. When engineers speak of "Jack" Savage, they frequently mention Frank Banks in

the same sentence for the careers of the two men have been closely linked. Banks has taken half a dozen of the great Savage blueprints—dreams on paper—and turned them into reality.

Banks, a big, ruddy-faced outdoor man of 60, regards Savage with a sort of veneration as do quiet, studious Walker Young, who built Boulder and Ralph Lowry, who is building Shasta. Tamers of rivers, levelers of mountains—the names of these men nonetheless are almost unrecognized. Yet as Egypt is known for its pyramids and Rome for its roads, so America—millenniums hence—may be known for its dams.

THE GREATNESS of these exploits is most vividly illustrated in wartime. West Coast industry is built round these dams. Grand Coulee, designed and built by Savage and Banks, was attacked as a potential "white elephant." Today it is the heart of war production, turning out electricity at the rate of four and one-half billion kilowatts in 1943—every bit used. The power that goes singing over the transmission wires of such undertakings keeps the aluminum industry going—and hence the new West Coast airplane factories. It also runs the new magnesium industry, chemical plants and Henry Kaiser's shipyards.

Nor is this all. The irrigation supplied by these big steel and cement stoppers has transformed deserts into homesteads. Actually, one out of every three people living in the 17 western states is dependent on the facilities of the dams which John Lucian Savage

has designed. Frank Banks has built half a dozen of the biggest of them.

Henry Kaiser's admiration for Savage is well known. Some friends of Savage were recently estimating what the designer could earn if he were to go into private consulting practice. One guess was an annual 100 thousand dollars. Kaiser would be glad to double the figure, others declared.

Actually Savage works for the government for eight thousand dollars a year. And Banks was getting less than that until he received a recent five-hundred-dollar boost.

Even the government offered to pay Banks more, but he rejected it. He had nearly completed Grand Coulee when his superior summoned him to Washington. The government needed an administrator for Bonneville—down the Columbia River. It would be an easier and a more highly paid job than finishing Grand Coulee, and the rank would be higher. Would he accept 10 thousand dollars?

Every bit of Maine accent came into the indignant voice of Frank Banks. He was the builder of the Savage-Banks team, greatest team of its kind. He was in love with the mighty Grand Coulee structure, over whose pure, true curves of white cement the second largest river in America tumbles.

I asked Frank Banks bluntly why he was willing to work for so little money when he could make more. What he said would go for Savage, too.

"I like the work because of the people in it, and because of its essential character; yes, and because of the high standards that prevail. I'm work-

ing for the public," he answered slowly.

He was thinking out loud.

"You see, I learned a long time ago that there is a lot to life besides the money you get out of it."

Another pause. Then his voice changed. He was like a boy discussing his hobby.

"And say, there's no greater satisfaction I know than starting with a wilderness and ending with a fine community. That's what we do: start from scratch in a desert and make a place for folks to live. And about the time the folks move in," he added, a little sadly, "'Dode' and I move out."

Dode is Theodora Drummond, the girl from Boise, Idaho, whom he married. Banks was from Saco, Maine, and had never been west of Providence, R. I. before his first job. His wife has accompanied him wherever he has gone since their marriage. She went with him into the Jackson Lake project in Wyoming, where they slept in tents, traveled in wagons and were entirely surrounded by moose and grizzlies. Dode has even accompanied him cheerfully to places where the weather drops to 57 below.

"She is the best sport in the country," he commented. "I never knew anybody who could make a place look like home in shorter time, despite the fact that I generally go off and let her do all the moving."

JACK SAVAGE was born Christmas Day, 1879, on a Wisconsin farm and graduated from the state university in 1903. The college annual of that year carried the good-natured jibe,

"Women are not of his sphere." He was just too busy to bother with girls. He was a worker, friends recall—laboring 14 hours a day and on weekends. He was also "the poorest pistol shot and the worst cook in the world."

Savage is responsible for innovations that have revolutionized dam building. He worked out the "Savage trial-load method of arch dam analysis," which is even more complicated than it sounds. But his great feat was Boulder Dam.

The Colorado River roars down through three-thousand-foot canyons. To tame this river was his dream.

"Can't be done," engineers said. And they had reason on their side.

It wasn't so much disposing of the water while the dam was being built. Nor was it the mere size of the dam, which was to rise 726.4 feet (much larger than any previous dam in the world). The problem was to cool the cement that would go into this tremendous plug in the mountain canyon.

As cement hardens there is first a swelling and then a shrinkage as heat is given off. This movement in a dam the size of Boulder would reduce the project to rubble in no time. Any

normal and accepted method of cooling the material in such a dam would take 150 years, statisticians estimated.

Engineer Savage solved the problem, and the method he used has been employed in the construction of every big cement dam since. He embedded coils in the concrete, and circulated cold water through the vast structure while the concrete was sloshed in. Thousands of thermometers were embedded, too, by which he could tell just what the temperature was at any time, at any given point. Instead of the usual deep cracks this artificial cooling caused smaller contraction crevices at special joints. These were filled, under pressure, with a mixture of cement and water, called grout. Even the coils themselves were finally filled. The heat removed by artificial cooling was the equivalent of burning about 30 thousand tons of coal.

The pioneer designer is noted for his willingness to give a helping hand—even to slight acquaintances. Childless himself, he has put more than a dozen boys and girls through college. He has an unusual personal hobby. Back in childhood he yearned to own a fine old violin. Each year he sent for the catalogue of Lyon & Healy, Chicago musical firm. His boyish ambition went unfulfilled, and it's a bit late now at 64 to become a virtuoso. Still he has undertaken a scientific investigation of the tone quality of violins. He recalled having once seen a violanna machine—made up of a mechanical violin and player piano. He located one in Denver and bought it for a hundred dollars, sight unseen;

"I wanted to be a reporter ever since they threw the New York Times with a thump on our porch in Flatbush, where I lived until I was 17," writes Richard Lee Strout. His ambition was fulfilled shortly after his graduation from Harvard in 1919, when he went to England on a grain ship and took his first real job on a British paper. After two years of it he returned to the States, and went to work for the Christian Science Monitor, where he is now rounding out 20 years of covering Washington news.

the only difficulty was that it turned out to be as big as his car and weighed half a ton. He trucked it home, but it was too big for the house. For the designer of Grand Coulee, however, this wasn't a problem. He simply hacked a hole in the 12-inch brick wall between the back porch and breakfast room while his wife was out. Then he set the machine on the porch, with the player-end reaching into the other room. Goodbye breakfast nook; welcome Savage Sound Laboratory.

Even as this is written, India, Palestine and China are vying for the services of Jack Savage. They would pay him princely fees. But when he goes it will be as an eight thousand dollar-a-year American public servant, proud of the Reclamation Service, glad to help the good neighbor.

policy, and above all very much interested in the job.

In a further attempt to clarify the philosophy of the Savage and Banks team, Frank Banks explained: "It's like Grand Coulee. You see, things like that just *have* to be done. For example, there was the Columbia, second biggest river in America. Right beside it were 1,200,000 acres of fertile land. Don't you see? They *had* to be brought together!"

And they *were* brought together. The dam will be there two thousand years hence, solid as the pyramids, enduring as a mountain, with the river pouring over it. And on its side will be imbedded the names of two men who were comparatively unknown to their own generation, Frank Arthur Banks and John Lucian Savage.

Tales on a Tombstone

■ IN AN INDIANA cemetery on a tombstone over 100 years old is this classic epitaph:

*Pause stranger when you pass me by,
As you are now so once was I.
As I am now so you will be,
So prepare for death and follow me.*

Someone had scratched underneath:

*To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.*

■ UPON THE DEATH of his first wife, a devoted husband had the words, "The light of my life is out," inscribed on her tombstone. Several years later the man decided to remarry and asked his minister whether it would be appropriate to have the inscription removed. The minister, worldly wise and with a divine sense of humor, replied: "Not at all. Why not just add a line—'I have struck another match.'"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

Hollywood Story



No Strings Attached

ONCE UPON A TIME, before the rise of a certain European bogeyman, George Pal worked as a cartoon animator in Hungary, Germany and Czechoslovakia. Then, to a Dutch advertiser, he sold an idea of his own—an animated cartoon whose actors were stringless puppets instead of flat drawings. By '39, when he fled to the United States, he had won renown as the "Walt Disney of Europe." Today Pal labors with his 45 helpers under the roof of a modest Hollywood garage, turning out one Puppetoon every six weeks or so—some for the instruction of the armed services. *Jasper Goes Hunting*, which you see here in the making, is a charmer he unreels for the civilian trade.



1. Just edging 36, Pal is a modest little man with an accent and elfin smile. He dreams up the idea for cartoon stories, sketches the characters and then evolves a shooting script with Jack Miller, his story-sketch man.



2. Pal reviews the script, action and dialogue. When Jasper, the little colored boy who's going a-hunting, winks or smiles, 10 to 15 shots of separate Jasper heads in various stages of the wink or smile must be taken.



3. In eight minutes' worth of film, about nine thousand carved, wooden figures will be needed to tell the story. A half dozen skilled wood workers, like the Chinese Wah Chang, work with lathes and carving tools, translating Pal's drawings into puppets.



4. Another half dozen artists, like Evelyn Willy, work with paint and brush, giving life and color to the three-and-a-half inch models of Jasper and his supporting cast. Above all, a steady hand is needed, for the slightest deviation in color or line will make the figures jerk on the screen.



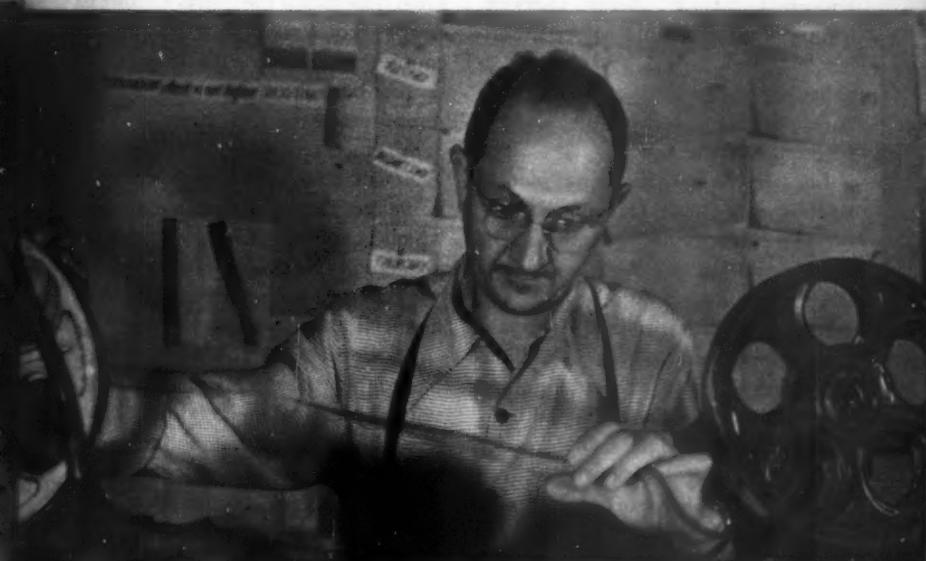
5. Now for the actual filming—a slow, tedious process. Photographers shoot roughly 12 thousand stop-camera pictures for an eight-minute short. Other producers have ventured to make puppet films—using the more conventional kind with strings attached—but none has succeeded.



6. The star in closeup. Since his birth as a Pal idea to his appearance in the answer print, it will cost 25 thousand dollars and 20 weeks—six of them spent in filming—to tell the story of Jasper's mishaps as a huntsman.



7. This scene was caught by the camera in one twenty-fourth of a second. In 1943, Pal turned out "Jasper Goes Hunting" and seven other films for Paramount release, and an amount of footage slightly greater than that for the government.



8. Some six thousand American theatres, plus many more in Great Britain, Russia and Latin-America will be showing this Puppetoon film.

There is a rich man's poorhouse in New York—a luxurious Georgian home which provides every comfort of fine living for the cultured aged



Poorhouse for the Rich

by BARNEY NAGLER

ANDREW FREEDMAN, an eccentric New York multi-millionaire, developed in the twilight of his life an abnormal fear of being reduced, through unforeseeable adversity, to his last yacht. And so he made a believe-it-or-not will establishing a poorhouse for the rich—the Andrew Freedman Home.

Located on an imposing plot of landscape on Grand Concourse in the Bronx section of New York, the Freedman institution is a four-story home of Georgian design, built in 1924 at a cost of 1,500,000 dollars. It is the mailing address of several ex-millionaires and more than one hundred other individuals who once had bank accounts running into six figures.

Inside, the so-called poorhouse gives off the atmosphere of an exclusive club, which it actually is—more or less. Richly upholstered chairs and divans fill a living room 75 feet long.

Chefs who could meet the most exacting requirements of Oscar of the Waldorf prepare the meals. The personal quarters of the guests include 62 double rooms with private baths, for couples, and 38 single rooms with connecting baths and showers. For every three guests, there is a servant.

Entrance requirements are stiff. The will states that members must prove to the admission committee, which is comprised of three socially-prominent New Yorkers, that they possess backgrounds rich in cultural, financial and social attainments.

Applicants for admission must have passed their sixtieth birthday but must not have reached their eightieth birthday. Each one must submit to a thorough physical examination, and the discovery of a chronic ailment means automatic rejection. Once admitted, however, any illness, short or lingering, is treated by a physician

who calls regularly and is paid by the home. There is an infirmary in the building, where the most up-to-date physiotherapy equipment is utilized.

Membership has for some time been stabilized at 130, and vacancies are created only by death.

The first obstacle that an applicant must hurdle is the home's superintendent—Virgil V. Johnson, a former clergyman. Mr. Johnson visits the home of the applicant. If the domicile seems to be one of culture and refinement, he then looks into the financial and social background of the supplicant. If the candidate has not been accustomed to a well-heeled existence, and been sufficiently well-fixed to dispense charity on his own account, his application gets no further.

Financial competence alone is not, however, an open sesame to the Andrew Freedman Home. The cultural background of an applicant weighs more heavily than anything else in the final analysis. This is because the guests have so much leisure time for cultural pursuits.

Some guests have been reduced from affluence to poverty almost overnight. Others have been so well fixed upon entering the home that they have been able to bequeath the institution sizeable sums in their wills. Under a liberal interpretation of the terms of Freedman's will, a former millionaire is considered poor if he has only 10 grand left in the bank and is no longer able to pay the taxes and upkeep on a Long Island mansion. To those who succeed in gaining entrance, the home offers, abso-

lutely free of charge, food, lodging and service such as is found only in the very best hostelleries.

The usual poorhouse restrictions and regulations are not imposed upon the guests. They may come and go almost at will. Some even hold jobs on the outside. The institution is non-sectarian, and Catholics, Jews and Protestants worship as they please.

While each guest is required to be present at dinner and spend the night in the home, the board of trustees permits each one to remain away for seven weekends during the year. In addition, each is permitted an annual four weeks' vacation.

A FEW YEARS AGO, Samuel Untermeier, the noted New York attorney, who was president of the Freedman Home at the time, grew suspicious of one old couple who seemed to look forward with inordinate pleasure to their annual vacation.

Untermeyer played Sherlock Holmes and trailed the couple to a fine summer home in Connecticut, completely staffed with servants, gardeners and chauffeurs. The couple owned the place, but had hidden the fact when they applied for membership. It turned out that they could afford to live there in the manner to which they had become accustomed only one month out of the year. The penalty imposed on these people has never been divulged.

In its time, the Freedman Home's membership roster has included former stock brokers, physicians, lawyers, engineers, teachers, ministers, thes-

pians and opera stars. For the most part, the guests get along well with each other, due mainly to the fact that they are carefully chosen.

However, members occasionally run afoul of the rules governing consideration for others. More often than not, the infractions are unintentional. One fellow, who had in his time brought Carnegie Hall audiences to their feet with his virtuosity on the keyboard, spent most of his time playing the piano. He had grown deaf and didn't realize that his loud playing disturbed the other guests. A gently worded note from the superintendent, dropped into the mail pigeonhole of the unwitting offender, quickly cleared up the situation without embarrassment to anyone. The board never forgets that members are used to giving orders, not taking them, and necessary admonishments are handled with extreme delicacy.

Romance has flourished on more than one occasion in the home. When a widower of 84 informed the board that he desired to marry a lady who was not a member, the understanding directorate sanctioned the marriage, and the bride was given a membership as a wedding present.

Andrew Freedman, who was humbly born, made his fortune the hard

way, eventually becoming one of New York's biggest real estate operators. Although he was instrumental in the construction of New York's first subway, old-timers remember him as owner of the New York Giants.

A bachelor, he lived in solitary grandeur in an apartment at Sherry's. Surrounded by such luxuries as paintings by Schreyer, Cazin and Corot, tapestries and antiques, he nevertheless was haunted by a fear of losing his fortune. He pondered on how terrible it would be to be poor, now that he had known riches. That's how he came to found the home.

It was Freedman's sister, Isabella, who perhaps best expressed the purpose of the world's most unique poorhouse, when she said, "There are homes for people who have always been poor. There are homes for impoverished people of middle class. But until now there have been none for people who were once rich, who were accustomed to live in luxury and refinement and who for that reason find poverty at old age doubly hard to bear. The Andrew Freedman Home will be a real home for such people. They will be able to continue their life of the past in comfort and tranquillity and engage in their accustomed pursuits."

Safety First

A PRIVATE IN AN army chapel was seen to bow slightly whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain.

"Well," replied the private, "politeness costs nothing—and you never know." —*The Armodier*, Camp Chaffee, Fort Smith, Ark.



The Groundwork of War

Condensed from a Popular Science Short
directed by JERRY FAIRBANKS

ERNIE PYLE, the war correspondent, has watched the infantry slug it out in the bloody mêlées at El Alamein, Oran, Cassino. "To me," he wrote in one dispatch from Italy, "all the war of the world has seemed to be borne by a few thousand front line soldiers here . . . I have written so much about the ground forces that they have become an obsession with me. They live and die . . . with such determined acceptance that your admiration for them blinds you to the rest of the war."

Despite the ascendancy of the Air Forces and the new weapons and ways of war, the "mud-eater," yes, the infantryman, is still the backbone of the modern army—witness Tunisia, Stalingrad and those battles of lonely Pacific isles. Here is the Yank foot-soldier on maneuvers. Watch him closely, for on his skill and fortitude in the coming months hangs a future



1. *The infantry moves up to make enemy contact, while accompanying jeeps give anti-aircraft cover. In other wars men marched shoulder to shoulder into battle, offering the enemy a bullseye target. Now they fan out in "extended order" during an advance.*



2. *Enemy artillerymen open fire in the pass up ahead, which our men are charging. But the infantry plows ahead through the shelling, each man operating as an individual and also as a team member as he runs and falls, runs and falls. One sound infantry principle: when in doubt, advance.*



3. *The whine of an approaching shell sounds warning . . . the doughboy bites the dust to avoid flying shell fragments. He has better personal protection in this war—his helmet, for instance, which has been redesigned to shield more of him.*



4. *Also backing the attack—one of the 105 mm. howitzers attached to every infantry division . . . symbol of the tremendously stepped-up firepower of the modern army. The rifle remains the infantryman's basic weapon but he is trained to fight with at least a half dozen more.*



5. The 60 mm. mortar also covers the advance . . . and so that his men may proceed without pause, a squad leader throws himself across enemy barbed wire, becoming a human bridge. Tough and fit, the trampled soldier thinks nothing of it, for this is standard operating procedure.



6. Objective gained, the men string barbed wire while others dig into fox-holes and lay minefields to trap counter-attacking tanks. Prepared to hold the position, they wait for nightfall.



7. A select night patrol is sent out to reconnoiter, equipped only with noiseless arms—a garrote for strangling, a hunting knife. Anything that might rattle, including a dog-tag, is discarded. Arms and faces blackened, knitted caps replacing helmets, the scouts slip into enemy territory.



8. The 87 and 37 mm cannons light up the night . . . In the photo on the right, you can see the blue gas explosion at the muzzle of the gun as well as the path of the tracer. Infantry gun crews harass the enemy with a nightmare of steel and flame, while their fellows rest for what's to come.



9. Comes the dawn at last . . . bringing enemy tanks which make their way through the minefields. Infantrymen pop up from foxholes to pepper the advancing battlewagons with riflefire so that tank crews will close up their shutters and lose maneuverability thereby.



10. . . . And the machine guns open up.



II. Now the famous rocket launcher, better known as the bazooka, goes into action. It pops off tanks as easily as a backwoodsman picks off rabbits with a shotgun. One member of the bazooka's two-man team inserts the rocket in the rear, connects the wires which set off the explosive charge.



12. Then the gunner aims and squeezes the trigger. Though the whole weapon weighs but 12 to 14 pounds and gives off no "kick," the trail of gas and flame which shoots out the rear of the launcher keeps GI's from ever venturing within 20 yards of the back of the bazooka.



13. Direct hit! The rocket explodes with a terrific force, so violent that it blows holes through three-inch heavy armor plate, carrying with it a spray of hot metal from both the rocket and the punctured plate.

14. The hole left in the tank is deceptively small, compared with the terrible damage which has been wreaked on the tank's interior. Then while the tank still smolders and smokes, the infantry moves on, to destroy the enemy, occupy the area and hold it—for us.

"If I were but single!" runs the old song. But you'll sing a different tune if you use your head plus your heart in choosing your better half.



Are You Fit for Marriage?

by LESTER F. MILES, PH.D.

THE HIGH INCIDENCE of war marriages, abrupt romances and one or two-day honeymoons — these by-products of war make it imperative for young people to search their hearts deeply to insure some measure of future success and mutual happiness in marriage.

They may not show it outwardly, but it is only human nature for impending brides and grooms to feel some anxiety about their chances—to wonder whether their new-found partners really love them and whether or not they will live up to each other's expectations.

To aid these men and women who are contemplating marriage, psychologists have questioned thousands of couples—married and happy, or divorced and unhappy over it all. They have come to several important conclusions and arrived at some definite principles from which they can

predict the chances for marital happiness or disaster.

Are you fit for marriage? To help you decide for yourself, the author presents in this article several tests that are being used throughout the country to determine individual fitness for marriage.

Anyone who has attended divorce trials will readily acknowledge that the greatest percentage of marital mishaps are the result of *mental and personality incompatibility*. Sexual incompatibility plays a minor role in causes or reasons for divorce.

A man charges his wife with being unreasonably extravagant, but the real reason is that he himself is a confirmed miser. A man answers his wife's charges of continual drunkenness with the accusation that she "nags" at him all the time. The real reason probably lies in his own lack of success in his work. A wife accuses her

husband of infidelity when his lack of interest in her may be due to her own negligence in being a real companion to him.

Psychologists call it "rationalization." In plain English it is the tendency of people to make excuses for their conduct to fool themselves, and others, into thinking that such excuses are the *real* reasons for their follies.

War always produces spur-of-the-moment weddings, one-day honeymoons, long separations, and finally the test of renewing marriage when two people are reunited after parting as strangers. And they *were* strangers. No wedding rites can overcome the fact that they met, romanced, married and honeymooned in a period of a week or so. They took a long gamble on their plans working out well.

Whether a person is psychologically ready for marriage can be determined to a great extent by careful analysis of his or her personal characteristics and background. By taking the three tests that follow and studying the results, you can measure your own marital aptitudes. Give serious thought to the result and you will find it's like taking out a personal love-insurance policy that pays dividends throughout your

married life. Even if you've known your prospective marriage partner a long time the tests will prove helpful.

Although many states now require pre-marital physical examinations for men and women contemplating matrimony, there are no tests which can determine *without question* the mental adaptability or personality fitness of future marriage partners. However, there *are* tests completed by experts and being used throughout the country that *indicate* the fitness of the marriage partners. These tests show, with a high degree of accuracy, just how compatible a married couple will be.

The first test presented here will reveal the background differences or similarities of the couple. Best results will be obtained if both prospective marriage partners take the test. You may answer for your partner, however, if you feel you know him or her well enough to do so accurately.

Check the points you score in answer to each question, for you will have to add them up and put your totals at the end of this test.

Answers and complete scoring results for all these tests can be found on page 145. Take all the tests before you check any of the results.

Measure for Marriage Fitness

Circle the number which appears opposite your answer:

Group 1

W M

1: WOMAN: Are you 21 or over?

MAN: Are you 24 or over?

W M

Yes 5 5

No 0 0

2: Are or were your parents happily married?

Very happy 5 5

Above average 4 4

Average 2 2

Unhappy 1 0

W M

W M

3: Were you happy as a child?

Very happy	5	5
Average	4	3
Unhappy	2	1

4: To what degree were you punished as a child?

Often and severely	0	0
Rarely but severely	2	3
Often but mildly	3	5
Rarely and mildly	5	4
Never	1	1

5: Where did you first learn about

sex?	Don't remember	0	0
	From other children	0	0
	From strange adults	0	1
	Parents, school, or books	3	4
	From physician	5	5

6: What is your present attitude toward sex? Disgust

Necessary evil	0	1
Indifferent	1	1
Pleasant anticipation	5	5
Intense interest	3	2

7: Have you ever wanted to be of the opposite sex?

Never or as a child only	5	5
As an adolescent	3	5
As an adult	1	3

8: What was the relationship between yourself and your father?

At odds most of the time	0	0
At odds some of the time	2	3
Usually on good terms	5	5

9: What was the relationship between yourself and your mother?

At odds most of the time	0	0
At odds some of the time	3	2
Usually on good terms	5	5

10: In comparison to your prospective marriage partner, how do you rate in physical fitness?

Definitely superior	1	2
Slightly superior	2	4
Very similar	5	5
Definitely inferior	0	0

11: How do you rate with your partner in mental ability?

Slightly inferior	5	2
Definitely inferior	2	0
Very similar	3	3
Slightly superior	1	5
Very superior	0	4

12: How do you rate with your partner in education?

Slightly inferior	5	3
Definitely inferior	2	0
Very similar	3	3
Slightly superior	1	5
Very superior	0	4

13: How do you rate with your partner in willingness to cooperate?

Definitely inferior	0	0
Very similar	5	5
Slightly superior	4	3
Very superior	2	4

14: How long have you known each other? 2 years or longer

1 to 2 years	4	4
6 months to 1 year	3	3
less than six months	1	1

15: Have you ever had pre-marital sex relations?

With other than present partner	0	1
With present partner	3	3
Never	5	5

16: Is your religion the same as your partner's?

Yes	5	5
No	2	2

17: Did you have at least one brother or sister?

Yes	5	5
No	3	3

18: Would you like to have children?

Yes	5	5
No	0	0
Undecided	2	3

19: Are you entering marriage with the idea that you will not have children until you can afford them?

Yes	0	0
No	5	5

		W	M		W	M
20: Were you previously married and divorced?	Yes	2	4	23: Has your father met and approved your marriage partner?*	Yes	2
	No	5	5		No	0
21: Are you planning to have a relative live with you when you marry?	Yes	2	2	24: Are you planning your future home according to any of the conditions listed below?	Own home and own furnishings	5
	No	5	5	Apartment and own furnishings	5	
22: Has your mother met and approved your marriage partner?*	Yes	3	3	Furnished apartment or home	3	
	No	0	0	Furnished room	2	

* If parent mentioned in question 22 or 23 is no longer living score yourself with a "Yes" answer.

Total your circled answers for question Group 1: W _____ M _____

Group 2

The following questions indicate your individual personality traits that help to make or break a perfect marriage future. You can answer these questions with a direct "Yes" or "No."

	YES	NO
1: Do you have a reputation for being hot-headed—losing your temper easily?
2: When you feel grouchy do you usually take it out on others?
3: Do you try to do everything for yourself—seldom asking or seeking advice from others?
4: Do you show that you dislike taking orders or suggestions by resentful actions and attitudes?
5: Are you easily excited—panicky?
6: Are you easily irritated?
7: Are you over-sensitive . . . your feelings easily hurt?
8: Do you like to have your own way even if it means fighting to get it?
9: Have you a tendency to be careless or disorderly?
10: Are you uncommonly bossy?

Total your answers for question Group 2: WOMAN: Yes _____ No _____
MAN: Yes _____ No _____

Group 3

The questions in this group will show whether yours is a *mutual* love affair or a one-sided love that is foredoomed to failure. The woman should rate the man by answering the questions preceded by the word MAN, and vice versa.

		M	W
1: MAN: Does he insist on having his own way?	Always	10	
	Frequently	4	
	Occasionally	0	
	Seldom	3	
	Never	10	

WOMAN: Has she a mean disposition?	Frequently	10	
	Seldom	4	
	Never	0	

2: MAN: When his luck goes bad does he brood over it and look for your sympathy?	Yes	10	
	No	0	
	Sometimes	5	

WOMAN: Does she try to please you?	Always	10	
	Frequently	0	
	Occasionally	2	
	Seldom	5	
	Never	10	

3: MAN: Is he usually stubborn and insistent in his demands?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

WOMAN: Does she demand to know everything about you—pry insistently—but seldom tell you anything about herself?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

4: MAN: Does he try to impress you with his conquests of other women?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

WOMAN: Does she tell you of the other men she might have married?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

5: MAN & WOMAN: Does he or she find it almost impossible to get along with the majority of your family members?	Yes	10	10
	No	0	0

		M	W
6: MAN: Can you get him to change his mind?	Always	10	
	Frequently	8	
	Occasionally	0	
	Seldom	9	
	Never	10	

WOMAN: Does she try to make you miserable if you so much as look at another woman?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

7: MAN: Does he try to "pass the buck" when he makes a mistake?	Yes	10	
	Sometimes	5	
	No	0	

WOMAN: Does she habitually take advantage of your generosity?	Financially?	Yes	5
	No	0	
	Sometimes	3	
In other ways?	Yes	5	
	No	0	
	Sometimes	2	

8: MAN: Does he expect you to shower him with attention and affection in public?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

WOMAN: Does she create scenes in public places?	Yes	10	
	No	0	

9: MAN & WOMAN: Do you feel "restless" when spending a quiet evening at home?	Yes	10	10
	No	0	0
	Sometimes	2	4

	YES	NO	YES	NO
Fidelity?	0	4	0	4
Good Judgment?	0	1	0	1
Honesty?	0	2	0	2
Fair Play?	0	3	0	3

Total your circled answers for question Group 3:

The actions and outcome of Hitler's first trial 20 years ago should have been our tip-off to the man's potentialities



Hitler on Trial

by GUENTHER REINHARDT

THE WILD-EYED MAN who sat nervously on the defendant's bench in the Munich courtroom wore a rumpled greenish jacket, baggy pants that didn't quite match and a high, soiled, ill-fitting, stiff collar with tie askew. His hair fell over his left eye and he fingered a greasy and battered felt hat which, being bilious green in hue, supplied the finishing touch to a sartorial nightmare.

The time was February, 1924, and the man on trial, who was referred to by the prosecutor as "Hitler, Adolf; alleged profession: unemployed house painter," found an indictment containing 28 counts standing between himself and liberty.

The 35-year-old defendant's difficulties stemmed from an abortive *putsch* in the assembly hall of the Buergerbraeu-cellars the previous November 8, and the charges against him included: holding a public meeting

without a permit, failing to submit a political speech in advance to the authorities, carrying a revolver without a permit, discharging a weapon in a closed hall, disorderly conduct, organizing a march without a permit, insulting police officers, loading motor vehicles with a greater number of persons than permissible and conspiracy to overthrow the government by armed insurrection.

From February 26 to April 1, I attended the trial as a cub reporter for a Mannheim newspaper. Certainly my editor didn't regard the Hitler trial as important or he wouldn't have assigned me to it. In fact, he had sent me to cover the proceedings merely because he thought they might be the basis of a humorous, non-news story for a Sunday edition.

My editor's advance diagnosis of the trial had apparently been correct. The spectators began to laugh when

Hitler was examined by the court of five judges. When the presiding judge questioned him about firing the gun in the beer hall, he arose, struck a dramatic Napoleonic pose and, in the same hysterical shriek that the whole world was one day to hear by way of short-wave radio, exclaimed, "Your Honor, I did not fire those shots. It was the poor, prostrate figure of Germany that pulled the trigger."

The presiding judge glanced at his four associates, then turned to Hitler again, very annoyed. "Look here, defendant," he said. "The police records clearly establish that at five minutes after nine on the night of last November eighth you fired two shots into the ceiling of a beer hall and proclaimed a national revolution. Do you admit that you fired those shots or do you deny that you fired them?"

Hitler was on his feet again. His pale right hand contracted into a fist and he brought it down on the railing in front of him. "What ridiculous

quibbling!" he screamed at the presiding judge.

"The court," said the judge, "desires a clear response to the question. Otherwise you will be held in contempt of court."

Hitler looked out over the courtroom and began to laugh mockingly. "Contempt of court!" he repeated.

The presiding judge thundered a fine of 50 marks, which was approximately 50 marks more than Hitler had. The defendant looked scornfully at the five men on the bench. He was never to forget them. Ten years later, in June of 1934, he included the surviving members of the judicial tribunal in his blood purge.

Hitler thought over the fine for a few moments, and then said, "As a German citizen, I demand . . ."

He was interrupted by one of the associate judges, who reminded him that he was an Austrian, not a German. Hitler took flight in an incoherent rage—and was fined an additional 100 marks for contempt of court. The sergeant of the guard was instructed to restrain him forcibly from further outbursts.

After warning Hitler that one more contempt would result in a jail sentence rather than a fine, the presiding judge, whose dignity was badly bruised by this time, asked Hitler to give a "yes" or "no" answer to the question of whether he had organized a march through the streets of Munich without having obtained a police permit.

Hitler stood up again and placed his left hand on his hip. With his

Guenther Reinhart started warning the world of the Nazi menace 13 years ago—long before it was recognized by any but a few long-sighted thinkers and statesmen. Born in Germany, his family for years had been prominent in politics, business and the arts, and it was his entree into certain government circles that enabled him to foresee Germany's machinations towards world mastery. He came to America in 1925, at once taking out citizenship papers, and has devoted himself since to exposing the Nazi espionage system and the schemes of secret agents. It was his article, published in Ken magazine, which precipitated the Foreign Agents Registration Act. He has been instrumental in apprehending 32 foreign agents in this country.

right hand he pointed at the presiding judge. "I followed the commands of history!" he shouted. "The question of the court is absurd."

With his left hand still on his hip, Hitler gazed around the courtroom to measure the effect of his words on the spectators. He was jolted from his observations when he heard himself being sentenced to 10 days for his refusal to give a direct answer to the question. When he recovered, he shrieked at the judges, "The millions of Germans in bondage, slavery and starvation should hear this absurd court quibbling about a permit. They are waiting for deliverance, and yet I am expected to ask a government of traitors and scoundrels for a permit!"

AND SO THE TRIAL continued. Hitler was incapable of giving a direct answer to a question. The simplest query from any of the judges, or from the prosecutor or the defense counsel aroused him to scorn, mockery, anger and utterly irrelevant oratory. The sergeant of the guard just stood there during the outbursts, open-mouthed. That should have been our tip-off to the man's potentialities.

I found just one admirer of Hitler in all Munich—his press agent, "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, the Harvard-educated scion of a wealthy Munich family of art dealers. Night after night, at a saloon known as Donisl's, Putzi insisted that we reporters didn't understand Hitler. "He is a great man who will go down in history," was the way Hanfstaengl described him.

The trial grew progressively worse

from the viewpoint of court dignity. Hitler became increasingly intoxicated by the sound of his own voice and so immunized to fines and jail sentences for contempt of court, that the sentences became meaningless.

Every day or two, Hitler would be prevailed upon by the defense counsel to make a sweeping apology to the court for everything he had done and said. He sounded quite sincere when making an apology, and the court, probably to save its own dignity, would thereupon wipe out the fines and jail sentences. Then, a few minutes later, the defendant would show how much his word was worth by proceeding to pile up fines and sentences again.

One night during the trial I was invited to the suburban villa of Baron von Nemes, who was a friend of my family. The estate adjoining his was owned by General Erich Ludendorff, who was also on trial, along with several others, on a charge of attempting to overthrow the government.

The Baron informed us that Hitler, who was out on bail during the entire progress of his trial, sometimes visited the Ludendorff villa at night. So the Baron and I sneaked over to the war lord's grounds and peeked into the brilliantly-lighted living room. Among those present were Hitler, his press agent, Putzi Hanfstaengl, and an obscure, hard-faced young man who was Rudolf Hess.

The Baron and I couldn't hear a word of what was being said but from the actions of those in the living room I can make deductions in retrospect.

Ludendorff, the war lord, represented the old Germany. Hitler represented the new Germany. Hess and Putzi hovered near Hitler in worshipful attitudes. Ludendorff was virtually ignored, right in his own home.

Before we left, we saw Hanfstaengl sitting down at the piano. As he played, a beatific expression crossed Hitler's face, and Hitler patted the right hand of Hess, which rested on his shoulder.

During the trial, Hitler's war record was thoroughly examined. Contrary to popular belief, he never achieved the rank of corporal during three years of service in the last war. He started out as a buck private and wound up as a first-class private. Nor was he decorated with the Iron Cross. He bestowed that decoration on himself around 1927. When he

became Chancellor in 1933, the Nazi party altered the records in the German War Office to make it appear that Der Fuehrer had been awarded the Iron Cross during the last war.

Hitler's trial ended in a conviction, and he was sentenced to serve five years in a fortress. All of us who had covered the trial were agreed that the defendant had made such a ridiculous impression that he could never again be taken seriously. But of course we were mistaken. The man who was promising Germany the moon had powerful friends—men like Rudolf Hess. So he was released from prison after serving less than a year, and from the day of his release he lost not a moment in fulfilling his destiny.

We can be comforted in the thought that Hitler's *next* trial won't be a farce. Or can we?



IN EARLY-DAY VERMONT, a man was apprehended for horse stealing. He admitted his guilt, but claimed the horse had been stolen in Canada—and therefore the judge had no jurisdiction in the matter.

But the magistrate decided otherwise: "It may be true that this here horse originally was stole in Canada, but it is the opinion of this court that the defendant started to steal the horse in Canada, kept on stealing him into Vermont and never gave up stealing him till he was caught in Barrie. This court finds the prisoner guilty as charged."

—KEITH JENNISON

A WOEBOGONE-LOOKING gentleman outlined a case he wanted his attorney to tackle. When he had finished, the lawyer beamed broadly, "With the facts you've just given me, my man, we're sure to win!"

More downcast than ever, the client said sadly, "Thank you, sir, but I don't think I'll sue after all. That case was my opponent's."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

A 16-year-old girl with nimble fingers and a flair for designing unwittingly became the founder of a business that's worth 32 million dollars a year



Designed for Ladies-in-Waiting

by EDITH STERN

IN 1907, when a New York lingerie maker with a little uptown store introduced an elastic waistband into a tea gown, she created the first maternity garment that was both adjustable and attractive.

In 1909, her husband designed the first maternity street dress in line with the prevailing styles.

Together they founded a 32 million dollar a year business.

The story of Lane Bryant, pioneer and foremost specialist retailing to expectant mothers and to larger women, goes back to 1895, when 16-year-old Lena Himelstein left the home of her grandparents in a Russian village and followed her sister Anna to America. She got a job with a woman who peddled underwear and tea gowns to fastidious ladies.

Lena, a gentle, fragile-looking girl just barely out of childhood, bent over her sewing machine for a dollar a

week. Gradually her knack for designing was recognized, and she became a kind of consultant in the shop. Her salary soared to the magnificent sum of 10 dollars a week.

At 20 she married a jeweler named Bryant, and later, a son was born to the young couple. But when little Raphael was only six months old, his father died, and Lena Bryant was again on her own resources. She decided to go into business for herself.

Her first premises were two lower West Side rooms which she occupied with her baby and her sister, Anna. Her first outlay was three dollars for silk purchased on Hester Street. She made the silk into a petticoat which she sold for four dollars and a half.

Despite generous help from Anna, both in the way of money and care of Raphael, it was hard going for the slight, delicately pretty young woman. Sometimes she had to climb four

flights of stairs and wait for hours to collect enough cash to pay for more material. From time to time Lena would drop everything to take the baby out of the city to the mountains. When he was a few years old, she determined to move uptown.

On West 112th Street she occupied a ground floor flat that gave her space for a window display of dressing-sacques, nightgowns and chemises. And by the grapevine, fashionable ladies began to hear of the obscure little woman "who makes such marvelous things."

Her next move was to a small store on Fifth Avenue, where she paid 50 dollars rent for four months. The store was new and untried, and the owners decided to let her see what she could do with it. Anna, Lena and Raphael lived in the back, together with an irrepressible, constant odor of garbage wafting in from outside.

At first things were very difficult—a pair of diamond earrings, given to her by her jeweler husband, made several trips to and from the pawn

Since Edith Stern wrote her first article for *Coronet* back in 1942, she has contributed regularly to our pages on an infinite variety of subjects. A native of New York, she has made her home in Washington since before the wholesale hegira to that chaotic city, and her days are spent in free-lance writing and in raising her 13-year-old daughter. The latest and most important news about Mrs. Stern is the publication of her book *Mental Illness: A Guide for the Family*, published by Commonwealth Fund, 1942.



shop. But gradually business improved.

"Now you'll have to open a business bank account," her brother-in-law told her.

"But where would I get the money?" protested Lena.

"I'll lend you three hundred dollars," he said.

Lena accepted the offer, but she was so nervous about borrowing such a vast sum of money, opening an account and negotiating with an impressive-looking bank vice-president, that the pen trembled in her fingers when she signed her name. By mistake she wrote down "Lane" instead of "Lena." And Lane—to the greater euphony of a trade name—it has remained ever since.

The first half year in the new store, Mme. Lane Bryant was proprietor, workroom staff and sales force. Then, with business booming, she employed three girls. Everything now was ready-made: all the exquisite, fur-below Edwardian drawers, chemises, corset-covers, dressing-sacques, tea gowns—even whole trousseaux.

Lane Bryant herself selected each piece of silk or lace that went into her productions, because beauty and rightness came before everything. She still describes, in the rapt tone of an esthete, the successful "Number Five" tea gown. This was Empire style—sun-pleated, with graceful "angel" sleeves. A lovely soft lace collar covered the yoke of the gown.

She had credit at the silk houses now, and could order materials in large quantities. Number Five sold by the thousands (Macy's Department

Store in New York was one customer).

And it was into a Number Five that Lane Bryant put that history-making expandible waistband. She didn't realize then what she was starting; she only knew that lovely young matrons among her clientele were delighted that the tea gown would carry them through their pregnancy.

In 1909, just about the time she moved her business downtown to a loft on 38th Street, Lane Bryant married Albert Malsin—handsome, dynamic mechanical engineer and graduate of a German university. Within the next four years she gave birth to three more children: Theodore, Arthur and Helen.

Malsin sensed bigger potentialities in the Lane Bryant business (it had already made a profit of 50 thousand dollars in the first year of their marriage). There was an embryonic mail order department, and sketches and longhand price lists were sent on request to out-of-town friends and relatives of New York customers. As a local "feeler," he inserted a tiny advertisement of a sale in the *New York Herald*. Within a day the whole stock, 28 hundred dollars' worth, was sold. Mme. Lane Bryant was obviously well known.

"This is a country of specialization," Malsin mused. "Look at Crocker—a big success in mourning apparel. What might we feature?"

He reviewed possibilities. Underwear, of course—but there were other good underwear makers. Lane Bryant tea gowns—expectant mothers practically lived in tea gowns—Ah—now

he had something! Why not suitable street clothes for mothers-to-be, too? Lane, his own wife, was expecting a child; he had noticed how her shapeless garments hiked up and sympathized with her discomfort.

Albert Malsin applied his talents to devising maternity garments, took out patents on various gadgets and methods for fastenings that could be stretched, pulled, and adjusted. The maternity line, pioneer of its kind, was an immediate success. The "natty spring suits" pictured in those early catalogues look outlandish now, but they were the forerunners of today's well-designed maternity frocks.

LANE BRYANT and the stork became as inevitably associated as George M. Cohan and the flag. "Don't deliver in your boxes," shy customers requested, or "don't have your truck stop at my door." Branch stores—the first one opened in Chicago in 1916—were placed a little off the main shopping district. So well, indeed, had Malsin fastened the maternity label on Lane Bryant that when he tried to launch a second specialty, "stylish stouts," he ran into difficulties. It was embarrassing enough, before 1920, for women actually "in a family way" to be seen coming out of Lane Bryant; plump ladies certainly didn't want anyone to suspect *them*!

There were snags at the production as well as at the consuming end. Malsin constructed dummy after dummy of figures that were neither perfect nor 36, but he couldn't get manufacturers to style the right kind of

clothes for them. For several years, much of the money made in "maternity" was lost in "stouts."

But long before Albert Malsin's death in 1923, the large-size off-size project he had dreamed up was paying dividends. Today, maternity apparel and layettes account for only about five per cent of the total volume of Lane Bryant's sales in seven stores in as many cities and her seven million dollar mail order business.

Lane Bryant caters to their peculiar needs from head to toe. They can find hats in large head sizes. And fur coats up to size 60. And stockings with extra size tops. If they have a yen for slacks, they can wear Bryant's sizes 38-56 without arousing risibility when they turn their backs; the jackets are made extra long. Waistlines, trimmings, line and colors are adapted for women who want to be in fashion but who can't quite see themselves in magnified Junior Miss "date dresses." Even footwear is specially constructed to

distribute weight and give extra support, and it gratifies the unsensible urge, too. Red-kid open-toed sandals are carried in size 11, triple E.

Old-timers in the firm have had box seats for a pageant of social change. At one time at least 40 per cent of women customers couldn't be squeezed into stock sizes. Their number and girth is diminishing; customers' high average used to be size 48, but now it's size 44. Maternity departments, too, have reflected shifting customs and manners. Originally they were nicknamed "no-man's-land," but now the salons for mothers-in-waiting are as full of nonchalant soldiers, sailors and civilian men as a hotel lobby. Where designing and advertising emphasis used to be on "concealment," now it's on looking attractive, gay and young.

The unassuming gray-haired little woman who started it all and whose son now heads the business, watches from the wings—and approves.

Fun from a Pun

■ IN A GEORGE KAUFMAN script, written for a Marx Brothers' picture, Groucho is handed a contract but objects to signing it. He points to one clause which reads, "In the event Groucho goes insane the company is no longer responsible and the contract is null and void."

"That's perfectly okay, Groucho," pacifies the executive. "It's a sanity clause."

"Oh yeah," snaps Groucho, "doncha know that there ain't no Sanity Clause?"

—HARRY RUBY

■ A RAPT PLAYGOER complained to John Barrymore that the theater's poor acoustics prevented him from hearing the best cracks of a certain middle-aged actress, noted for her startlingly risqué lines.

"Wonderful!" exulted Barrymore, "now she can be obscene and not heard."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

The Pepper Pot



Alleluia! Easter, "being the time of 12 cycles of the moon," falls each year on a Sunday planned for it, so that in 1786 an English vicar could look in his prayerbook and know perhaps, that if there was still a world in 1944, there would be joy in it on April 9 as there was in his own parish on April 16.

(Why do I say perhaps? Since he was a vicar and therefore a Christian, he would not doubt either the world or Christ's rebirth in the hearts of men . . .)

In the same way I can know, although I'm certainly not a vicar, that in the year 2012 which will be a Leap Year like this one, Easter Sunday will fall on April 8. That is good to know, a kind of solid reassurance in this quaking time. The moon will roll on for us, 12 cycles over and over, and in 2012 there will be a month called April, with Easter in it after the dark pain of Holy Week.

"Golden harps are sounding . . . Angel voices sing . . . Alleluia!"

Meal of the Month . . . Chickens are laying like mad this month and, according to the gift cards, rabbits are too. That's fine: the price of eggs is 'way down, comparatively speaking, and we don't have to satisfy our hunger for them vicariously by reading in

an old cookbook: "Take three dozen of the fairest, freshest ones, and break into an adequate bowl." Instead, we can scramble and bake and boil to our heart's pleasure, almost . . .

There are probably as many recipes for cooking eggs as there are for curing hangovers, and to my mind they're much more entertaining. Just start comparing notes sometime when two or three of you are gathered together. I myself will always admit, if urged, that I can make the best scrambled eggs in the world, bar none. In the same rush of candor to the tongue, I'll add that I am physically and spiritually incapable of frying an egg so that a blind bat wouldn't shun it with horror. I know how it *should* be done, too, which is the most annoying part.

I learned by hearsay, from a woman who if she were still living on a Delaware farm, would now be about 130 years old. Mrs. Lodge, she was . . . and she used to break the eggs into a heavy spider after bacon had been fried in it and removed to the oven.

Then she would put on a tight cover, push the spider to the coolest part of the stove, and go out into the garden or the cow barn for a half-hour or so. When she came back the gently-fried eggs were Just Right. And when a fried egg has that said about

it for a hundred or more years, you know it must be so!

If you can copy Mrs. Lodge with any luck, which I cannot, what could be a better Easter feast than her fried eggs, with crisp bacon or succulent sausages or whatever other porcine tidbits you could find? As for myself, I'll have Eggs Freda. I invent a new recipe every month, like most people who can't leave the kitchen alone and this is my present favorite:

*3 tablespoons mixed butter and fat
6 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices pre-cooked ham or tinned meat
1 heaping cupful coarsely chopped parsley, with marjoram and chives if possible
6 fresh eggs
Salt and freshly-ground pepper*

Heat fat in heavy skillet, and brown meat lightly on both sides. Remove to platter in hot oven. Turn out fire under skillet, and toss herbs in the brown fat. Make a covering of the herbs over bottom of skillet and break eggs gently onto it. Cover closely, and let eggs cook themselves in stored heat of skillet. When firm turn each egg onto a slice of meat, herb-side up. Pour remaining fat over eggs, add salt and pepper over each and serve with crisp toast.

Consolation . . . Once on a time, a poet named Chivers, in speaking of love as most poets and even some plain men do, said:

*As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever . . .
So shall this dark heart of mine!*

Broken eggs are more easily salvaged than most broken hearts . . . unless like the hearts they break on

stony ground. And even then they'll nourish something: a field mouse will lap up the rich yolk, or ants will carry off the whole sorry mess, and leave the ground clean as a plate.

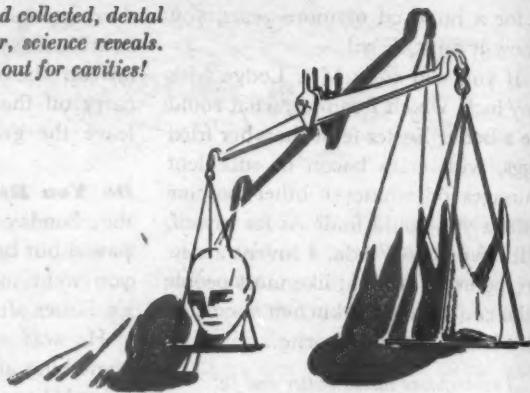
Do You Remember . . . When the Sunday school superintendent passed out beautiful chocolate eggs if you went to the Children's Service on Easter afternoon?

He was a long, thin man, with something about him that made our church have the prettiest teachers in town. We small fry really looked at him only once a year, and then as a kind of bony, smirking background to the great pile of eggs on a table just outside the door.

The eggs were wonderful. They were large, at least three inches long, made artfully so that there was no ridge where the two halves fitted together under the smooth fine chocolate. There was a blunt end and then a pointed end, such as any proper egg should have. And once you'd taken the first irrevocable bite at whichever end seemed wisest, the inside was filled, as if by a miracle, with the creamiest of white fondants.

You ate it in small bites, or if you were a true voluptuary you pulled it out, morsel by delicate morsel, with the head of a pin, to make it last longer . . . and to postpone the final bliss, the last dread pleasure, of coming to the firm, sweet yellow wall of the yolk. How amazing, always, that the yolk was there, in the center of the egg! What heavenly hens the superintendent knew! —M. F. K. FISHER

When you're calm, cool and collected, dental health usually stays at par, science reveals. But if you're upset, watch out for cavities!



Your Mind and Your Molars

by EVELYN WELLS

IF YOUR TEETH start "going to pieces" for no apparent reason, don't be surprised if your dentist orders a change of scene or mind. Even a change of heart!

He has been probing your inner compulsions while jabbing into those new cavities. While listening to your protests that you have used your tooth-brush and lapped up all your vitamins, he may have reached the conclusion that your cavities or dental caries can be traced to your thalamus.* In other words, cavities can be due to emotional or mental upheaval. Worries, resentments or thwarted desired may have been the cause of your cavities. These upsets may disturb your glands and break down your metabolic functions. Eventually, they also may affect your teeth.

New theories about the causes of

dental decay constantly are making headlines. A New York dentist collected more than two hundred hypotheses before he tired of the hobby. Hundreds of books on the subject offer nearly as many theories. Refined white flour, excessive sugar, acids, bacilli, improper mastication, lack of fresh air, mother's milk and exercise all have been cited as foes of your set of ivories. Along with these appear the "cures"—the dentine painting process, the "apple before bedtime" dietary, bone meal bread, calcium, Vitamin D, phosphorus, and sodium fluoride remedies.

Yet candidly no one knows the truth about dental decay.

Although it has been the subject of widespread research for two decades, the cavity still remains a mystery. Before then it was the source of much speculation. Some 2,540 years ago Hippocrates suggested that dental

*The thalamus is a region of the brain which is believed to be the center of emotions.

caries were caused by the decomposition of food particles in the mouth. This theory has not been completely disproved. For the next several hundred years science made wavering progress. A saint was named protector of toothache victims. Shakespeare remarked that philosophy never aided a man with dental caries. Then the beginning of this century marked an upsurge of the nutritionists. Man drank all his milk and finished all his apple sauce. Yet despite these measures he continued to develop lesions in his protective dentine.

Next, for a long period, all health problems were laid at the roots of our teeth. There still are many devotees of this "yank 'em out" school in the medical world.

The day of the vitamin followed. Children were stuffed with whole grain cereals, orange juice and tomato juice. They were browned with actinic rays and toned up with cod liver oil. Their budding molars were scrubbed and scoured and rinsed.

THOSE CHILDREN are nowgrown. The boys are our American youth entering the armed forces. And 98 out of every one hundred have cavities in their teeth. Some 18-year-olds have as many as a dozen fillings. Statistics reveal that dental decay is on the increase with each succeeding generation. Such realities lead to the conclusion that dental science can alleviate suffering and stave off greater damage, but it cannot prevent dental decay.

Since more and more people are being born without wisdom teeth and

with receding jawlines, it's quite probable that Andy Gump may emerge as the superman of the future.

"I just can't understand it," Mrs. Jordan wails to her children's dentist, "Bunny and Bruce have been brought up in exactly the same way, fed the same food and given the same dental care. But Bunny's teeth are beautiful, and Bruce's at 17 are just miserable with cavities."

The answer may be that Bruce is at the adolescent age—the period of rapid growth and maladjusted glandular functioning. Modern medical science knows that some diseases are due to thalamic processes. Physicians now maintain that endocrinological disturbances incited by mental and emotional strain can damage any part of our bodies. Therefore, it is no coincidence that dental decay reaches its peak in puberty—the period of greatest emotional strain.

Leila Brown, who has legally parted from her husband, hurries to her dentist to display four cavities, declaring, "I've never had any trouble with my teeth before!" Her dentist isn't surprised. Divorce was a shocking ordeal for Mrs. Brown. Many women develop dental troubles while undergoing the divorce routine. One woman developed 20 cavities during her six weeks' stay in Nevada.

During the Depression an outbreak of cavities was noted among American men. Unrecorded are the dental troubles of those who could not afford dental care during this period.

What is more, the thalamic theory offers a new explanation and a pre-

ventive for the ancient adage—a tooth for every child. The pregnant woman need not lose a tooth, providing she watches her health, loves her husband and wants her baby. It is highly likely that the woman whose teeth decay during pregnancy is suffering from an anxiety neurosis.

This theory that nervous tension by upsetting the glandular system may bring on a rash of dental caries has a parallel example in primitive peoples. When suddenly introduced to civilization, they too develop caries. Man in his natural state has little trouble with his teeth. For example, native Alaskans have sound (if filthy) teeth which often grind down to their gums with usage and age—without development of a single cavity. Many believe this immunity to decay exists because the Alaskan uses his teeth all the time. He even chews the hides from which his clothes are made. Yet the Maori does not chew his clothing. And not one Maori in a thousand owns a cavity.

However, introduce the Maori or the Alaskan or any other aborigine to the blessings of "store-bought" bread and corner drugstores, and dental decay usually follows promptly.

Why civilization and caries should advance hand in hand science has yet to discover. Some explain John Doe's dental troubles as well as those of Fido and Dobbin by recalling that both man and beast in their primitive state are continually eating. Consequently, their teeth are always in a state of exercise. Meat is gnawed from the bone and bark from trees. This process is heartily recommended by

modern dentistry. In fact, dentists suggest that you give your infant a chicken bone to munch and toss your pup a beef bone to chew.

But dental concern now reaches back beyond infancy. It begins before the child is born. Once those soft blobs form in the fetal gums little can be done in their behalf. But the mother can do much toward building up dental resistance in her unborn child. Dental research workers now are centering their efforts upon her. She is being encouraged to build teeth of the future carefully with prenatal diet and health care. And above all, she is urged to maintain her own sense of well being. Diet before birth is especially stressed. Once the teeth are formed, the choice of food seems to have little effect on them.

RESEARCH WITH rats has taught the dental authorities some startling facts about diet and dental decay. Incidentally, rats are chosen for dental research because their molars partially resemble those of man and also because they will "eat anything." These experiments show that although rats may be restricted to a calcium-minus diet until their bones crumble or until they die, their teeth will remain sound.

Other rats, fed on a high-vitamin and low caloric diet, have reached the incredible age equivalent in human terms to 130 years—still with all their molars intact.

But rats seldom excite their hypothalami without active cause. They do not worry over their love lives, attempt

to pay debts, wage wars or keep up with the Joneses of their species.

The aim of all dental research is sound and permanent teeth. Only recently has science come to the conclusion that you may aid in the movement by avoiding false fears and emotional orgies and keeping your thalamic processes under control.

The publication *Dental Caries*, published by the American Dental Association, continues this statement: "Susceptibility and immunity of teeth

to caries cannot be attributed to any dominating factor which is universally operative. Much is known of the mechanism of the carious lesions, the role of bacteria, etc., but immunity appears to be a result of the interaction of multiple factors constituting a protective balance."

Try balancing your mental attitude and developing a temperate point of view. If successful, you may retain teeth of shining beauty and a smile that will last—perhaps 130 years!

Answers to "Measure for Marriage Fitness"

Group 1 A lot of people still believe in the old saying that opposites attract. True marital compatibility is the result of *similarity in background and thinking*. The first and most important consideration resulting from this question group is that the difference in score between the man and the woman be no greater than 25 points.

In the event both parties have a similar score—within the 25 point limit of difference—but at a level of 50 or less, there is a dangerous indication that the couple, though similar in many respects, is neither fit nor ready for marriage.

Here are general scoring figures for couples. The one figure given should represent both his and her score.

Ideal couples: 85 points or over.

Average: 60 to 69 points.

Above average: 70 to 84 points.

Below average: 50 to 59 points.

Bad risk: 49 points or less.

Group 2 You should both be able individually to answer "No" to seven or more of the questions in group 2. Any other result indicates the need for some personal readjustment of your behavior patterns. Any great difference in score between the man and woman means "be careful."

Group 3 You should be able to score under 30 points on the questions about your partner in this group. Your partner should be able to do the same for you. If the results are otherwise, or if there is any great difference in the results between yourself and your partner, there is a possibility that the affair is one-sided and not one of mutual love and understanding. Ideal scores for couples on this test are:

	MAN	WOMAN
Ideal couples:	0-20	0-25
Average:	21-35	21-30
Bad risk:	36-100	31-100

Six buck privates play a war game with an officer for referee. The stakes are high—to the winners go ratings



Score Board for Non-Coms

by SERGEANT FOREST D. HUDGENS

THE CAPTAIN FROWNED and sighed heavily. The first lieutenant washed down two aspirin tablets with a swallow of coke. Both were intent in their study of a half dozen forms spread on the desk before them.

A WD AGO Form 20 is a yellow rectangular cardboard on which is recorded all that can be known about any individual soldier. About 12 by 14 inches, it reports his IQ rating in the Army General Classification Test, his score on the Mechanical Comprehension Test and on any other special aptitude tests, and details about his background—such as education, civilian occupation and hobbies. It also gives his Army classification number with respect to his civilian occupation. Thus if a man were employed as a laborer before entering the Army his number would be 521, which is basic labor. But if after training and schooling he de-

veloped into an Army specialist, say a washman in a Quartermaster laundry unit, a number 102 or 103 would supersede the 521.

With forms spread before them, the captain and the lieutenant were faced with every officer's nightmare—that of selecting non-commissioned officers for their particular unit. Occasionally their eyes would stray to three words written on a small blackboard leaning against the wall . . . *Courage, Ability and Leadership*. With these as yardsticks, three non-commissioned officers were to be chosen from the following men:

Private A

Age: 23

I Q: Below 110

Education: High school graduate

Civilian Occupation: Prize fighter

Physical Condition: A1

Hobby: Athletics

Private A* was tall, lithe and muscular. Strictly an extrovert, he ex-

uded spirit, laughter and song. On road marches or the obstacle course, and during extended order drill, he was always full of pep, a natural leader of men in action. He loved to storm over rough terrain shouting and urging the men on to greater effort.

In class he showed a marked disinclination to think. He definitely regarded non-combatant mission as of secondary importance to fighting. The captain knew that if Private A were on a scouting expedition and met the enemy, all thoughts of the mission would flee his mind as he led his men into battle, regardless of the odds.

In a war game played on a board similar to chess and with an officer as referee, he was assigned the problem of meeting an enemy infantry force of one hundred men with an equal force of his own and with all small arms and chemical warfare agents at the disposal of both sides. The board on which the game was played possessed

When Forest D. Hudgens submitted this article to Coronet editor, he wore a corporal's stripes, but before the printer had time to set it in type, his buddies were calling him "Sergeant." A native of St. Louis, he attended Jefferson College, where he started writing for nearby small-town papers. Regarding the "war game" described in this article, Sgt. Hudgens explains that the device is not standard procedure. The idea was originated by a young lieutenant stationed at Fort Warren, Wyo., and it created much interest among both officers and enlisted men there, since it was the only device they had ever seen for gauging "Battle Sense."



a simulated terrain. The battleground was a large level field with a high creek bank to the rear of Private A's forces and a forest slope to the rear of the enemy.

He rushed his forces into a head-on attack and won the field with an estimated personnel loss of 80 per cent.

Private B

Age: 22

I Q: Above 110

Education: College graduate

Civilian Occupation: Shoe buyer

Physical Condition: A1

Hobby: Study of aircraft

Although visibly disappointed at not being assigned to the Air Force, he managed to get along with his fellow soldiers. However he did not fraternize with them, but held himself aloof from all but a chosen few whom he considered his educational equal. He maintained a brooding moody silence, never indulging in the marching songs or rough humor of the men. Long marches had no apparent tiring effect on him. His sense of responsibility and discipline was extremely high.

In the same war game and under the same conditions as those faced by Private A, he withdrew his right flank to the creek bank in an orderly manner and then slowly retreated, his left flank inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. With his right and left flanks to the rear he had maneuvered his troops into a wedge formation, the old football flying wedge, with which he attacked and lost the field with an estimated 40 per cent loss of personnel. The weakness of this move was that the center men in a wedge can-

not employ their fire power. A wedge also presents a greater target.

Private C

Age: 33

I Q: Above 110

Education: One year high school

Civilian Occupation: Musician

Physical Condition: Poor

Hobby: Drawing

This soldier was a short, stocky, pleasant-faced man who had quit high school rather than study mathematics. Prior to his induction he had been a guitar player and vocalist with a name band. Never had he done any hard labor or been partial to physical exercise. Without actually being ill, he was the least fit of anyone in the company. Any activity which required physical endeavor distressed him.

He, like Private B, never indulged in marching songs, but for a different reason—he had to conserve his breath.

Both Privates A and B considered him a friend as did the dumbest buck private in the company.

In the war game he showed considerable originality. He withdrew the center of his line to the opposite bank of the creek, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy who rushed into the breach, where they were caught between the cross fire of his right and left flanks. He then laid a smoke screen behind which he withdrew his flanks to the edge of the creek, where he laid down a barrage of non-persistent gas and consolidated his lines on the opposite side of the creek. Further losses by the enemy in trying to storm that position enabled him to recross the

creek and rout the enemy. He suffered a loss of only seven per cent.

Private D

Age: 21

I Q: Above 110

Education: High school graduate

Civilian Occupation: Clerk

Physical Condition: Fair

Hobby: Modern music

He was tall, dark and handsome with a rather babyish countenance and, like a child, he ran the gauntlet of uncontrolled emotions from exceedingly high spirits to moody, sullen pouting. Although the captain was unaware of it, the young man was worried about his girl friend back home. His barracks mates knew that when the lights were turned out at night Private D would fervently kiss the photograph of the girl and sometimes cry himself to sleep.

He was both a coward and ambitious to become a non-com. He was deadly afraid of a rifle and on the range died a thousand horrible deaths in his imagination. In competition with others, he drove himself with frenzied energy and usually managed to come through. He tried hard to make the men like him, to the extent of spending money rather lavishly on some of them.

In the war game he rushed his troops into a head-on assault and was wiped out.

Private E

Age: 28

I Q: Above 110

Education: Grade school graduate

Civilian Occupation: Policeman

Physical Condition: A1

Hobby: Amateur detective work

Private E, red-faced, burly, jovial but hard-boiled, was liked by part of the men and hated by the rest. He made no bones about his likes and dislikes. Possessing great contempt for physical deficiency, he looked down upon those men not in the same splendid condition as himself. He was capable, but played Army politics and was termed a bootlicker. Many of the men refused to cooperate in anything he undertook. His war game terminated in a stalemate.

Private F

Age: 25

1 Q: Above 110

Education: One year college

Civilian Occupation: Janitor, artist and musician

Physical Condition: A1

Hobby: Composing music

Most of the company called him "Pop" and he was liked by everyone from the captain down to the 521's. He was ever thoughtful of the men. On road marches he frequently carried an extra pack to relieve his less rugged fellows. He conducted classes well, although he was not a good soldier since he, like Private C, was little inclined to enforce Army discipline. Furthermore he was sloppy in his personal appearance. Every time he was permitted to go to town he got drunk.

In the Army game he outflanked the enemy and won the field with a 20 per cent loss.

THERE YOU HAVE IT—the headache of all company commanders. Consider the magnitude of their problem. Although the exact ratio of commissioned officers to non-com-

missioned officers is a military secret, it is safe to estimate that for each commissioned officer at least five non-coms are needed—and that is a very conservative figure.

Once a man is selected for Technician Grade Five or corporal, which are the lowest of non-commissioned grades, he must be observed not only for the purpose of ascertaining whether he was the right man for the job, but for traits which warrant advancing him to sergeant, staff sergeant or the higher grades.

In this instance the officers selected Privates A, B and F. Does that jibe with your selections?

Private A, much as he was averse to brain work, was impossible to overlook because of his superb physical condition, his ability to get the men to work for and follow him, and his unquestioned personal courage. He was the type who prove invaluable while under the strict supervision of level-headed officers. Within a year he rose to a sergeantcy with small possibility of advancing further.

Private B was selected more or less as a counter-balance to Private A. As a corporal he went to Officer Candidate School where he washed out for lack of ability to mingle successfully with the enlisted men. But failure was to him as a red flag is to a bull. He forced himself to fraternize with the members of his company, with the result he mellowed so much that he was promoted to staff sergeant and then to first sergeant.

Private F was something of a question mark, but he was selected

because the men worked well under him and because he commanded their high regard. The acquisition of a rating steadied this man who quit drinking altogether. Within a year he was promoted to sergeant and then to staff sergeant.

What about the men who failed to make the grade? Private C presented a problem not easily disposed of, since it was obviously necessary to utilize his high intelligence and ability, though his poor health was a definite handicap. He was appointed Technician Grade Five and given training

in personnel work. Ultimately he was appointed to the rank of warrant officer and assigned to the personnel section of a division headquarters.

Little need be said about Private D. Six months later he was a psycho-neurotic patient in an Army hospital. He was emotionally unstable long before his entry into the armed forces.

Private E's contempt for his fellow soldiers, his superior attitude, and his playing of politics reveal why he was not selected. On the strength of his physical ability and courage he eventually became a private first class.

They Slipped through the Air

■ BACK IN ITS PUPPYHOOD DAYS, a New York station broadcast a 15-minute religious transcription which opened with a brief prayer. The announcer usually took this interval to dash out for a cup of coffee.

One Sunday he returned to find the phone ringing furiously. "It's scandalous!" exploded a woman's voice. And on another phone came a second call, "I've reported the matter to the police."

A hurried check-up revealed that the transcription had stuck, and in true broken-record style had repeated for 10 minutes the last words of the prayer—"... for Christ's sake, Amen."

■ DURING THE REMOTE CONTROL broadcast of a prize fight, a California station cut in with a special bulletin announcing the death of a noted citizen. "This comes as a great blow to the community," concluded the local announcer before transferring back to the arena.

"The blow didn't mean a thing," were the fight announcer's next words. "It was just one of those lucky accidents."

■ A HARRIED SCRIPT-WRITER for a Wyoming station was commissioned to take the song requests which came in during a hillbilly program. Irked by the task, he took down the first three calls, added a note of his own, and slipped them under the studio door. He had hardly regained his desk before the emcee drawled over the ether:

"Well, it looks like you folks like our music. We have some requests already. Here's *Home on the Range*, *Little Joe, the Wrangler*, *Red River Valley* and tell the damn fools to quit phoning in.—RICHARD NOSSAMAN

Special Feature:



Who Wants a Purple Heart?

BY ALAN HYND



Who Wants a Purple Heart?

by ALAN HYND

EDITORS' NOTE: *Lt. William H. Arpaia, not content with his strenuous experiences at sea, promptly devoted his survivorship leave to additional duty with the Industrial Incentive Division of the U. S. Navy, headed by Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward. Commander S. J. Singer, Executive Officer, sent Lt. Arpaia out into the war plants under the supervision of Lt. Melvin F. Lanphar, Chicago, Illinois, to tell his story at rallies, stimulating the production of vital war materials.*

THE CONVOY was moving eastward through an unfriendly number-four sea in the North Atlantic that mid-winter afternoon, when an escort destroyer blinked the message:

**THERE IS AN ENEMY SUBMARINE
IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY**

It was 15:30 ship's time.

Lt. William H. Arpaia, an ex-Chicago lawyer, was in charge of the Navy gun crew on a merchant ship packed with soldiers en route to hell. Quietly he passed on the alarm to his men. Arpaia—a dark man of Italian extraction, and in his middle 30's—was making his first

crossing and his chief concern was with the safe delivery of the troops at their destination.

His ship was one of two vessels carrying troops, and because of the precious nature of its cargo it had been placed in almost the dead center of the convoy. It never occurred to Arpaia that his ship would be hit should a lone undersea prowler let go with a few tin fish and then take a powder. An attack by a wolf pack would be something else again.

Only an hour away there were planes that could come out and go into action against the sub. That is, there were supposed to be planes. A radio message for them brought a black response. All aircraft in the area were drawn off on other missions, and there just weren't any available which could go to bat for the convoy.

About 70 per cent of the soldiers aboard were seasick, and had been since a few hours after the ships in the convoy had rendezvoused off the At-

lantic seaboard. One soldier had told Arpaia, between spells of vomiting, "I'm in love with my wife, Lieutenant, and she's in love with me. But if she ever wants to see me again, she'll have to cross this ocean to do it, cause I'm not crossing back."

There were a few civilian construction workers aboard, bound for a United Nations outpost. One mechanic — a 45-minute egg with amorous tendencies—had said to Arpaia, "You know why I took this job? Women was startin' to make trouble for me. I'm gettin' away from them for a while." As things were to turn out, the mechanic had sadly underestimated the length of time that was to constitute "a while."

ARPAIA KNEW what was in the minds of the men and kids aboard. One of his duties was to censor mail written at sea. Practically no one was pleased with his surroundings or the prospects of the immediate or distant future. The number-one thought in most minds was the fear of proximity to death. Next came homesickness. Then came disgust and anger over stories in newspapers, several days old, about sub-normal production in certain war plants.

It was perhaps a good enough thing that the men on Arpaia's ship got their gripes reduced to writing. It probably made them feel better. The letters were to be mailed back to the States at the next port. But the men had no way of knowing that there would be no next port.

There were four Army chaplains

aboard—two ministers, a priest and a rabbi. The priest—Father John P. Washington of New Jersey, who was a tall thin man with curly, sandy hair and silver-rimmed glasses—had often stopped to chat with Lieutenant Arpaia. "Sometimes," Father Washington had told Arpaia, "I wish I could declare a moratorium on being a priest until the war is over. Maybe this is a strange thing for a priest to be saying, but I'd give anything to be right in the lines, fighting."

The early dark of the North Atlantic winter was beginning to envelop the outer fringes of the convoy half an hour after the sub-in-the-vicinity alarm came. Suddenly the look-outs on the troop ship called in a periscope. The tension aboard was all but visible. When the periscope turned out to be a huge, gamboling blackfish, some of the kids in the gun crew began to laugh, a little hysterically.

Arpaia's crew stuck to their battle stations for eight marrow-chilling hours. At midnight, Arpaia was up on the bridge with the captain, a calm, thoughtful man. The sea was still a number four, or almost midway between a dead calm, which is a number-one sea, and hurricane waters, which the Navy calls a number nine. The waves of icy ink were running between eight and 10 feet high.

The sky was heavy with overcast and every last star was blacked out. The captain remarked to Arpaia that the convoy was now moving through an iceberg area and wouldn't be out of it for hours. That was good, the captain added. "Subs rarely operate

among icebergs. It's too dangerous."

A watch-and-watch condition was in effect, which meant that half of the gun crew was allowed to alternate with the other half in having two-hour rest periods below decks.

At 55 minutes past midnight Arpaia, who was down in his bunk with the light snapped off, heard below him the first of a quick series of hair-raising sounds. Then he realized he was being propelled through space by the force of a satanic explosion. He crashed against the cabin bulkhead and dropped to the floor. Picking himself up, he tried to switch on the cabin lights. He wasn't too surprised when they didn't go on.

He groped his way out to the sable deck, hearing the sounds that came from the throats of scores of men who had minutes or seconds to live. Some were screaming, others moaning. Some of the men were articulate. They talked of their near ones, themselves and of God.

Arpaia didn't have to inquire about what had happened. The ship was torpedoed. Only one tin fish had gone into her, but it was a bull's-eye. Arpaia's nostrils were assailed by the overpowering fumes of ammonia. That in itself told him the ship was mortally wounded. Ammonia fumes meant that the refrigeration system below the waterline had been hit, and if the refrigeration system had been hit, the engine room was gone. And if the engine room was gone, at least a hundred human beings had gone with it.

The ship was already listing badly

to starboard. Arpaia, as the senior officer of the United States Navy aboard, had one duty to perform above all others. His official, confidential papers, which would have been of inestimable value to the enemy, were in a locked metal box on the bridge. It was up to him to see that that box was placed forever out of the reach of human hands, if it were the last act of his life.

The ship was listing more and more, and the dark decks were slimy with water, grease and human blood. As he picked his way, more by instinct than anything else, over the decks in the general direction of the bridge, Arpaia stumbled over two bodies and then fell headlong over another. "Hey," said a dying man, "can't you let a guy go in peace?"

The doctors were doing what they could, with the aid of flashlights, but time was running out. Arpaia made some rapid mental calculations—the loss of life this night would certainly run into the hundreds.

Life-saving apparatus was being tossed into the sea. The abandonment order was relayed down from the bridge, and men who hoped to survive were going over the portside on knotted ropes.

At one point in his journey toward the bridge, Arpaia heard the voices of a little group of men. The voices were low-pitched and calm, yet somehow they seemed more distinct to him than the screams of the dying. It was the ministers, the priest and the rabbi talking quietly together.

Just as he was abreast of the four,

Arpaia heard Father Washington say, "Here, soldier, take my life preserver. I won't be needing it." And then there came the voice of the rabbi. "We are not leaving."

When Arpaia reached the bridge to get the metal box, he identified himself in the dark. He heard the captain's voice.

"I must say this was a well-executed job."

"Are we the only ship that's hit?"

"Yes, as far as I know."

"But we're right in the middle of the convoy. Why would they pick us out?"

"The sinking of a troop ship will be worse for morale back home than the sinking of a supply ship."

"You mean you think they *knew* just where we were in this convoy?"

"It seems more than a coincidence. That loose talk we hear about might be the answer." The captain's voice grew closer. Then Arpaia felt the skipper reaching for his right hand and shaking it. "Save as many of your men as you can," he said. "Nice to have known you." A pause. Then, "If you get back, hunt up my wife. Tell her what happened to me and be sure to tell her I always loved her."

At 1:05—10 minutes after the torpedo had struck—the ship was listing at 30 degrees. Arpaia knew she couldn't last much longer, certainly not more than five minutes. The metal box with his confidential papers was perforated so that it would fill with water and sink.

Arpaia tossed the box into a patch of sea where he figured it wouldn't hit anybody, and then sought out his men

who were at battle stations. "Better get off, boys," he said. "Good luck, and thanks for everything."

It wasn't exactly a life raft that Arpaia landed in when he let himself down one of the ropes. Technically it is called a raft, but actually it is a huge rope net attached to an oval-shaped, buoyant top about six feet long and three feet at its widest point. There is planking to stand on at the bottom of the net. This type of raft is meant only for the direst emergencies, since when one is in it, while safe from drowning, he is submerged in water up to his chest. For there is nothing between the buoyant top and the planking to keep out the water.

Arpaia counted 10 men standing jammed against one another inside the netting of the raft. There were 11 others hanging over the sides, clutching the buoyant oval top. The water temperature was only three degrees above the freezing point, and the air was below zero.

THE PAIN that the men suffered almost immediately from the coldness of the water was excruciating. The 10-foot waves completely submerged all heads at frequent intervals. There were yells and moans and prayers and curses coming from those within the net, from those clutching the outside and from other men in other nets, near and distant in the surrounding blackness.

Arpaia didn't know who was in the raft with him, for he couldn't see faces plainly in the darkness. He and

another man managed to get the oars into operation and move away from the sinking vessel. They wanted to get beyond the pull of the suction when the ship went to her grave.

They were only partially successful because suddenly, when the ship went down, the raft was jerked backwards. Arpaia was sure he was through right then, but he was wrong. Just as it seemed that the raft would be drawn into the vortex, the pull stopped.

The ship was gone and the 10 men inside of the net and the 11 clinging to the top found themselves in a strangely silent area. Other men, they knew, were being picked up by other ships in the convoy. There were some, of course, who had never left the doomed ship alive, and many, paralyzed by fear, shock and the icy water, had gone down.

An hour passed.

It had become evident to Arpaia and the 20 others with him that the convoy had gone on without seeing them. Pair by pair, the hands of the men on the outside froze and they had to let go their holds on the top of the raft and go down. Some of them went in silence; others prayed or screamed.

There had been 21. Now there were 10. Arpaia knew his hands were freezing. Although he had always thought freezing was not accompanied by pain, he found out differently.

The men were gasping for breath as a result of submersion in the bitterly cold water. Arpaia remembered that he was carrying some morphine and hypodermic needles for use in emergencies. The stuff was in the

breast pocket of his shirt, beneath the buttoned flap. He couldn't get the flap unbuttoned because his fingers were frozen, and for the same reason neither could the two men nearest to him. Then one of the men tore the flap off with his teeth.

How the men ever managed to stick the hypodermic needles into themselves with frozen fingers none of them ever knew. But everybody got a shot of morphine in the wrist, and they gasped slightly less after it.

Nobody said very much during the first hour. One kid—a soldier—remarked that he wasn't surprised at the fate he was meeting, for he had known from the first that he was going to die in the war. Another kid kept talking about his girl in Pittsburgh. Somebody else had a mother with a heart condition. He was more worried about her than about himself. "When she hears how I wound up," he said, "it'll kill her."

One man near Arpaia had been hanging on to the top of the raft, as if he had difficulty standing without support. Just as Arpaia was going to ask him how he felt, the man let go his hold and sunk below the water within the net.

Arpaia and another fellow reached down and brought him up again. They found that he was dead. As they hoisted him higher to drop him overboard, they found out why it had been necessary for him to support himself. Both of the man's legs had been severed above the knees.

Apparently he had been in the engine room when the torpedo struck,

and had lost his legs in the explosion. How he had ever made his way up from the engine room, over the deck and down the rope into the raft, and then clung on for an hour without saying a thing, must be marked down as one of the mysteries—miracles, if you will—of the war.

IT WAS EARLY during the second hour after the ship had gone down that the angry swell of the sea wrenched the oars from the raft. Not that the oars had been of much use. Even had the sea been a number one, it would have taken the men days to reach the nearest land. Everyone in the raft knew well that even the hardiest human constitution could withstand almost complete submersion in icy waters for only a few hours.

But even though the oars had been useless under the circumstances, the loss of them induced a dark psychological effect on the nine remaining men. The hopelessness of their situation was accentuated, and Arpaia, who was something of a psychologist, knew that soon he would hear the first signs of insanity.

It was a frightening thing to contemplate, the emotional and then the mental crack-up of the first man. Once that happened, Arpaia knew what would follow. Although there is no communicable virus related to insanity, the infection is just as deadly. The aberration of the first man to go would spread to the others with hideous swiftness.

By now—it was half past two in the morning, and the sky was still

utterly black—Arpaia had come to realize that of the eight others in the boat he knew only three. They were members of his gun crew. Four of the remaining five were soldiers; the other was a civilian construction worker.

The quarter of an hour between half past two and a quarter to three was a nightmare of silence. The sea grew calmer and the wind slackened its howling. In those intervals when the wind couldn't be heard at all, Arpaia heard the gasping of the men and nothing more.

Then, in a voice so loud that it actually brought pain to Arpaia's ears, one of the soldiers said, "Gee Mom, that coffee's good! Lemme have another cup, will ya, Mom?"

Arpaia shuddered. This, he knew, was the beginning of the end.

There was a minute of silence. Then the construction worker screamed hoarsely, "Look at the sun shinin' on the butter on my waffles! Boy, that sun's hot! It's meltin' the butter!"

Now the soldier began to talk about steaming coffee again, and a third voice—that of another soldier—screamed about a soft pink quilt that his mother had often tucked around him. Then all three men—the two soldiers and the civilian—raised their voices to new heights. Arpaia put his frozen hands over his ears to shut out the mad medley about the quilt, the steaming coffee and the hot sun melting the butter on the waffles.

The three stopped talking almost at the same instant, and there was another short interval of silence. Then one of the crazed soldiers said that he

wanted more coffee and, before those nearest could restrain him, he climbed over the side. A few seconds later, the civilian went over the opposite side because, as he said, the sun was warmer there and the butter on the waffles was melting faster. The second maddened soldier shouted, "Here I come, Mom! Tuck me in!" Then he went over.

There had been 21 at the beginning. Now there were six.

At half past three the sound of a Coast Guard cutter—obviously one that had been sent to the area for rescue purposes—made the hearts of the men in the raft beat faster. The sound came closer out of the blackness, though none in the raft could see the vessel.

The six men began to scream—the only means they had of telling the cutter where they were. But the wind was blowing again—blowing from the direction of the cutter toward the raft, so that while the sound of the cutter was wafted toward the raft, the shouts of the six were blown back in their faces.

Now the cutter seemed to be moving farther and farther away. Arpaia and the others drained their partially-frozen bodies of the last measures of energy to scream after it. But it was no use. In a little while there was no sound either of voices or motors.

Then the two remaining soldiers and two of the three men from Arpaia's gun crew were touched by madness. It was useless for Arpaia to say anything. He put his frozen hands over his ears again. This time that

act served a double purpose. Not only did Arpaia want to shut out the mad medley, he wanted to insulate himself against the thing that was more infectious than any virus. For he was afraid that he, too, would go out of his mind.

Arpaia tried to think of something else—anything—so long as it was foreign to doom. He projected himself back to his days as a lawyer in the courtrooms of Chicago. He was thinking of one legal case in particular when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a green flash on the horizon. He turned to look, and he saw another flash, this one red.

Arpaia knew that he was seeing something that had always fascinated him—the aurora borealis. Since childhood, he had been intrigued by the very thought of the northern lights, yet he had never seen them. On at least five occasions after the troop ship had weighed anchor at an eastern port, Lieutenant Arpaia had asked the captain—the captain who had gone down this night, along with the four chaplains and, as it was to turn out, more than six hundred others—when the ship would be likely to reach the vicinity where the northern lights would be visible.

The captain had smiled patiently and told Arpaia that he would let him know. In fact, during their talk at midnight—55 minutes before a tin fish had doomed all those hundreds of men—the captain had said, "We might see the aurora borealis tonight. If we do, I'll let you know." And so Arpaia had been in his bunk

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waiting, not for a torpedo, but for word from the captain that the northern lights were showing.

Now Arpaia, with his unfeeling hands still clasped over his ears to deaden the sounds of four men who had gone mad, was witnessing one of nature's overwhelming spectacles. The nervous lights began to dart up from the horizon, clear across the dome of the sky, and down to the opposite horizon. The green and purple and crimson streaks, shot through with a sort of milky gold, were things of transcendent beauty.

Arpaia took his hands from his ears and rested them on the top of the raft. The crazy men were still giving voice to their tangled torment, but the silent, colored show from horizon to horizon insulated Arpaia's ears against any sound. He watched transfixed, like a man lost in the beauty of a thousand cathedrals. Then the sky became black again, and he heard the maddened cries about him, realized where he was, and told himself that he was ready to die.

One of the soldiers near Arpaia stopped his mouthings and sank below the water in the raft. Arpaia and one of his gun crew leaned into the water, brought the dead man up and lifted him overboard. By six o'clock

in the morning the remaining soldier and one of the gun crew had died.

There had been 21. Now there were three.

One of the two gunners—a kid of 19, who had been crazed, though not violently so, for hours—had a girl named Sally in Pittsburgh. He had often spoken of Sally. So Arpaia said, "You wouldn't want Sally to know that you couldn't hold on, would you?" That was practically the only remark that Arpaia had made to anyone during five hours of hell. But the words went home.

It was at half past seven in the morning—six and a half hours after the torpedo had scored a bull's-eye—that a cutter came along.

The weeks in the hospital that followed, while the Purple Heart survivors from the troop ship were slowly nursed back from living death to normal, were in the nature of an anti-climax. Today, Arpaia and the two others from his raft are back sailing the convoys.

Singularly enough, the one-time Chicago lawyer speaks calmly of those hours on the North Atlantic. He gets excited about only one thing. "You should have seen those northern lights!" he says. Then he pauses and adds, "They saved me from madness."

Improving on the Dictionary

- **Unpardonable sin**—the one committed by the other fellow.
- **Censor**—a fellow who sticks his No's into other people's business.
- **Lap**—elusive creation of sitting, which when one stands up retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name.—JESSE WARD

Diary of a Quiz Kid



EDITORS' NOTE: Each night at bedtime, 11-year-old Quiz Kid Gerard Darrow dictates to his Aunt Bessie the highlights of his day. With Gerard's permission, we bring you these excerpts from his diary—a glimpse into the behind-the-dial life of one of radio's brightest young lights.

TODAY I SAW the soldier show *This Is the Army*, but it was more like *This Is the Y.W.C.A.*, because a lot of the boys were dressed like girls.

Afterwards I went backstage to meet Mr. Irving Berlin. I asked him if he didn't think he should change his name cause it didn't seem patriotic.

He said, "Gerard, it would be a lot of trouble to change my name—it's on so much published music. So if any confusion is apt to result from the duplication of Berlins, let's just get rid of the other one!"

IHAD A SCREEN TEST today. The director asked me if I had ever had an important part in a play. "Yes," I said, "I was Lindbergh in a school play. I was chosen because I was the only one who could do it."

"Did you make any long speeches?" he asked.

"I only made one," I said. "It was 'I'm sure they will be, Sidney.'"

"Why couldn't anyone else in the class do that?" the director asked.

"Because," I said, "none of the other kids had an aviation suit."

IWAS SCARED YESTERDAY when I got the second notice for my dog license. Aunt Bessie had no pity. She said I had squandered the money that I should have saved for Rusty's license, and if he had to go to the dog pound it would be my own fault. I was terribly worried trying to think how to make some money. Finally, I got an idea. Whenever I pull out a tooth, I put it under my pillow and the fairies take it and leave a piece of silver. So I managed to work out four loose teeth. Aunt Bessie looked kind of funny, but when I woke up there were four half-dollars under my pillow—enough to save Rusty.

DADDY LOOKED AT my report card tonight and said, "Gerard, why do you get 'C' in arithmetic when you get 'A' in everything else?"

So I explained. "Well, when I put down number 11 on my paper, it looks like a stork's legs and I begin to think about storks. Number 8 looks like an owl, and by that time, I forget to do the problem. But I got more than 100 in my last arithmetic test."

"That just shows how bad your arithmetic is," Daddy said, "because you couldn't get more than 100."

"But I did," I told him, "because Miss Mack gave me 100 and some peanut brittle."—GERARD DARROW

Bookette:

Our way down East



by
MINOR GRAHAM

Two young sophisticates barge merrily into the Maine line and take to their hearts the climate and customs of the Way Down Easters. With sparkling charm, the "Missus" of the farm recounts the transformation of their home and its occupants, with the grins strictly on the Grahams . . . a condensation of the book.



Our Way Down East

THE SNOW CAME early that first winter. It piled itself high around the well-banked houses. The snow plows came through our country lanes, throwing the snow high on each side as they plunged through drifts. Each time they came the cliff sides rose a little higher, until in February our part of Flying Point was like a tunnel.

Inside our little house it was warm and cheerful. The kerosene lamps cast golden circles on the tables, and a fire burned on the hearth. Every night we would sit on either side of the table, reading, watching the fire, hearing the wind howl or hailstones pelting the windowpanes.

But if David hadn't noticed me there would have been no salt water farm in Maine. No days so glorious that even to recall them makes the heart ache.

We went to Mexico on our honeymoon, for the reason that in Mexico you can get a quicker divorce. We

were married because, though we met at Provincetown, on Cape Cod, we both came from conventional backgrounds. Marriage seemed indicated at the time. I didn't mind speaking of the divorce before we decided on the marriage because people do that sort of thing in Provincetown.

In Taxco, Mexico, we rented the "Casa Davis," a beautiful tile-roofed, stucco house, perched on the side of a mountain. From the porch you could hear wistful Spanish music played by the local band in the plaza. We would lie in our hammocks, looking at the moon through the trees and sipping poisonous tequila, because it seemed proper in that atmosphere.

In the daytime, we took Spanish lessons and sun baths. Once in a while we would have friends to dinner. As I review it from Maine, the life in Mexico seems too perfect. The hot sun made us golden brown and indolent, but we had a conscience (my husband's). Once in a while we had

by Elinor Graham

stirred in our delirium and spoken of ducks and geese.

At some point I must have signified an interest, but I lie easily, and I've always liked to please my husband. He must have talked quite a lot about farms and the good life, but I don't remember. I only know that suddenly our idyll ceased.

On the way north, I developed the conviction that although our marriage hadn't been terminated in Mexico, it would not survive a year in New York. The less we jitterbugged around there, the better, I thought. Hence, I was an easy prey to renewed farm talk.

As I have said, my husband has a conscience. Our grasshopper existence had him ready to don a hair shirt. To do him credit, he never thought we would make a living on a farm. His was rather a desire to get back to reality, to simple understandable things. You see, we hadn't understood much Spanish.

When David was teaching at a southern university, a man had shown him pictures of his farm in Maine, of his horses hitched to a sleigh and the snow piled high. It had made a great impression. The man had suggested a visit to Maine, so we decided to descend upon him in our charmingly informal way. He not only welcomed us warmly and unfolded the charms of his place, but insisted upon helping us to find a farm.

It was all too simple. Almost the first person to whom we were introduced was a man who owned an

island called "Little Flying Point." Our friend asked whether he knew of any interesting old farms for sale.

"As a matter of fact, there is one on Flying Point," he said.

When we saw the house, we looked no further. It was everything a house should be, and the view was really lovely—a pastoral view leading down to islands in a bay.

Flying Point is one of five crooked fingers stretching into Casco Bay. When you are down on the rocks at the turn of the tide, the seaweed, as tawny as a lion's mane, stands out against the gray-green or blue of the bay. At low water, the black mud adds bone and sinew to the scene. That was the way it was when I first saw it.

From the moment we bought the farm, we were plenty busy. There were no electric lights and no water other than a shallow well. We sent a sample of the water to Augusta for analysis and it came back marked "Contaminated."

We were directed to seal the well with cement, but I've never taken the order very seriously. Mr. Waterhouse, the previous owner, drank from that well for 55 years with no ill effects. He died at the age of 83, and although I will say the neighbors talked as if he'd been cut off in his prime, I'm sure he didn't die from drinking water from that well.

However, it was decided that we must have a driven well. Naturally we sent a sample of the new well water to Augusta. That also came

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back marked "Contaminated. Seal."

We were desolate, but David is not easily discouraged. He just sat and thought. Finally he decided that the pollution might have come from the hands of the drillers. Up he went to Augusta to ask about it. "Yes," they said. "Bring us another sample, but pump off several gallons first." So that's what he did, and the second sample came back approved.

That is the way David is in practical matters. He meets them in a calm way. I make mountains out of molehills. That is why we started calling the place "Mole Hill"—because I made a mountain out of it.

WE HAD HARDLY gotten settled in the house when David said, "I think we should have a housewarming and invite the neighbors."

I shook my head doubtfully. "The house isn't big enough to hold them all," I said. "And besides, we haven't enough chairs."

"Which is it?" he said. "The house not big enough, or the chairs?"

"The chairs," I replied.

"That's easy," he said. "We'll buy some more."

"I still don't see where we'll put all the people," I said.

"Stop making mountains out of molehills," he replied. "Just invite those that live on this road. That'll be about 14."

So I went to the social arbiter of this section, "Mrs. Reed," I said, "my husband and I thought we'd like to give a housewarming sometime next

week and invite the neighbors."

"Oh, that would be lovely," she exclaimed. "It happens that we are having a little gathering of the neighbors at the Thomas Means Hall on Thursday. If you and Mr. Graham would come you could invite them then."

On Thursday night we stopped at the hall. As we entered, the crowd gave us a hand. It was thunderous. Before it had completely died away, Mrs. Reed topped the applause. "Mrs. Graham," she said, "has an announcement to make."

There was nothing for me to do but to make it. The hall seemed to hold a hundred.

I set the time as "between eight and 10" thinking that might help. True, most would come around nine, but some would come at eight and leave early. So optimistically we prepared for the day.

At eight o'clock we were alone. At five minutes past we heard cars. Winding down the road was a cavalcade. They had met at the Thomas Means Hall and had all come at one time. We rushed all the available chairs from the bedrooms, but we didn't begin to have enough. There were 40 of them!

The first women in the living room got the chairs, the rest stood. The men just stayed in the two bedrooms. Five or six sat on each side of the bed. The bed stood it a long time, but at about 9:30 it collapsed. The men, being handy that way, just put it together again.

I kept flying around the living

by Elinor Graham

room, trying to stir up things. It was pretty dull in there—not because the people were dull, but because we were all under a strain. But my neighbors have stamina. They stuck it out. Even the falling of the bed in the next room did not stir them from their seats. When the grandfather clock struck 10, the leader rose, then all the rest. The men were corralled and at 10:15 we were alone.

"Wasn't that awful?" we said. "Will we ever live it down?"

From what I know now, our taking up land on the Point must have been the most humorous event in generations. The antics of "the kids," as our nearest neighbor called us, were good for a whole season of merriment.

During our second winter in Maine I took to wandering all over Flying Point and Wolf Neck, and taking walks to Bunganuc. That was where Addie, John Henry's wife, lived.

Addie was the first Maine woman to make me realize the stature of the people I was to live among. She was tall and gaunt, and what she said was to the point. She was not one to talk over the back fence. "Her words came slow or not at all."

Every time I stopped at her house, which was often, she would reveal some treasure—fool's gold in a small and ancient box, a large piece of rose quartz, a tiny antique pitcher or her own doll dishes, which were so fragile you wondered how one cup had come down the years, much more the whole set. She would hold them lovingly and say, "Not fittin' fur much."

In November we were invited to hers and John Henry's 50th wedding anniversary. We were the only outsiders invited, and as such knew it to be a compliment.

When you have lived 50 years with one man, through 50 Maine winters, without even one trip to Boston—though that had been a lifetime ambition—a golden wedding takes on a certain significance.

There were no flowers, no music, no golden dress. She sat in simple dignity in her best black, and accepted congratulations and presents as one should, when it's the end of the race and you've made a good run.

Before the winter was over, she was dead. I hated to say "Goodbye." We saw her to her final resting place. I don't know how they ever got the grave dug. It was the middle of winter and she was buried in a snowstorm. Strangely enough, the day was appropriate. She should not have been buried in soft earth on a mild day. Storms had buffeted her all her life and, at that, I guess she could have taken a few more.

Here in Maine there is a saying about death that I never heard elsewhere. They say a person "got through." The first time I heard it, I didn't understand and consequently made a fool of myself.

It was mud season, and no car had come by our house for a month. We who lived on the road left our cars two miles away and walked out with knapsacks on our backs whenever we were in need of groceries or books.

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We had no telephone, but our next-door neighbor transmitted messages and gave us all the news. We had strung phones run by batteries between their farm and ours.

One morning in mud season, my neighbor called me and said, "Did you know Horace Watts got through last night?"

"Why, how wonderful!" I replied. "No one else has been able to get through for weeks!"

"I mean," she said, "he has just passed away."

That afternoon I stopped to see my friend and told her of my mistake. A smile that came from deep inside lit her face for a moment and was gone. I asked her then about the phrase "got through."

"Does it mean," I said, "'piercing the veil' or 'getting through to the heart of the mystery?'"

She looked at me, and the look went beyond me and beyond all pretense. "Guess not," she said. "If folks ain't spared themselves none, they ain't figurin' none about what's to come—glad enough to get through!"

COMING UP FROM Mexico we had decided to get a dog. Once the point was settled, we began arguing about what kind of dog to get. Finally I narrowed my choices to a French poodle or a Labrador retriever. I pointed out that they were both water dogs and that we were going to live on the water. That settled it. David decided on a Newfoundland.

We brought our "Sir Toby Belch"

to Flying Point as soon as we were in possession.

In theory, Toby is a good watchdog. On at least one occasion he nearly scared the life out of a man.

Standing just outside the barn was a barrel of "pumie"—that is, pomace, or the residue left after apples have been ground for cider. It was full of foam. Toby, who is incurably curious, had just had his head in the barrel of pumie when he heard footsteps. With a bay that always reminds me of the "Hound of the Baskervilles," he bounded down the hill toward a solitary hunter.

The hunter looked very brave. He had on a Sherlock Holmes hunting cap with visor front and back. He carried his gun over his shoulder. He was tall, and he walked with a firm and fearless tread.

All this I saw from my bedroom window. But as I looked I saw the man disintegrate before my eyes. He seemed to grow a foot shorter, his palsied hands reached for his gun. Then I saw Toby with festoons of foam streaming out behind him. He was a ghastly sight. The hunter said later, "If I'd had the strength I'd a shot him."

But for all his fierce look, Belch is very gentle. Though I doubt if anyone would try to break into the house with him around, he is not to be relied on in the pinches. One night "Timmy the Sailor" came down to see us, roaring drunk. Unhappily, my husband was in town at a budget committee meeting. I was alone when

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I heard his knock. I went to the door and there stood Timmy swaying like wheat in the breeze.

"You can't come in, Timmy," I said. "David is not here. You come back another time."

"Cheese it!" he said. "You're not afraid of me, are you?" And he pushed his way past me into the house. He had some pictures under his arm. These he proceeded to show. It seems he had once been welter-weight champion of Knox County. The pictures were all of himself in shorts. As he showed one, he would assume the fighting pose, fists in a defensive position. That must have given him another idea, for he suddenly said, "Feel my muscle," and flexed his upper arm muscle.

"Oh, no, Timmy," I said. "I don't want to feel your muscle."

"Go ahead, feel my muscle!"

It seemed to me he said it savagely. Very gingerly I poked my finger at his jumping biceps.

"Now this one," he said, flexing the muscle in the other arm. Once again I poked.

"All right," he said, "now feel my stomach muscles."

I hung back.

"Go ahead," he said. "See how hard they are."

"No, I won't," I replied. "I won't feel any more of your muscles."

"All right," he said, "if that's the way it is." And swaying back and forth he went on mumbling.

His eyes were as fixed and staring as a doll's, but one large tear disengaged itself from one eye and started slowly down his cheek. Calmly I walked to the door and opened it. Just as casually he turned and staggered out. One minute I was wondering frantically how I could get him out, and the next minute he was gone.

All through Timmy's visit, Toby had been prancing around with a shoe in his mouth. That is the way Toby greets his special friends—by low moans and a shoe in his mouth.

THAT WINTER, while I had been poring over seed catalogues, David had studied geese. He had all the information the government had to offer on the subject, but they must have been curiously reticent about sex, for that was where our trouble lay. We never could tell the sex of a goose. At first I thought the vicious ones were the ganders, but as they were all vicious to me I gave up that idea.

I can't understand how geese became synonymous with stupidity, for in some ways they are nothing short of brilliant. The way they caught on to me, for instance! As a rule you have to know me to really dislike me, but those geese caught on at once. It got so I didn't dare go out of the house.

Of course I couldn't stay penned in all the time—not and keep sane. I was forced into some walks, but I always went out armed with a bludgeon. The geese knew that was bluff.

One snowy day, when all the roads were tunnels, I found myself trapped with the geese. I came down the

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tunnel leading from our door to the road, turned the wall of snow, and there in front of me were our handsome 10. Necks stretched out and lowered to within an inch from the snow, wings flapping, they came on. Toby was just behind me.

Forced to act, I stood my ground and cracked the first one that came within hitting distance. It gave ground and they all stopped. Wildly I looked toward the house, and there was David laughing at me! I got so mad at him that I turned my back on the geese. And the funny thing was they did not seize their advantage. That made me wonder if they are a little stupid.

But I did discover one thing: I "can't say Boo to a goose."

As time went on, we decided to liquidate a few of our comical friends. The first two David butchered, but for New Year's dinner we were having guests and felt we should have the goose all in one piece. Our next-door neighbor, always helpful, came down to draw it. Even that early in the season, our ambitious goose had eggs in her. We decided that would never do. We didn't want to kill off any mothers of future geese. So until spring we didn't kill any more—we weren't taking chances.

Then came the poultry show. While I looked at bantams, David went into cahoots with geese fanciers. He summoned courage enough to ask them how to sex a goose. From the way they acted I guess they told him. He came back to me saying, "It's all

right, we'll know tomorrow for sure."

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, out he went to the goose house. Such screechings and honkings! I could tell he was giving them the works. Pretty soon he came into the kitchen. "Well, they're all females," he said. "But that's all right, we can trade for a gander."

Sure enough, a neighbor way down the Point was willing to swap. I guess we were stingy for we gave him our smallest bird. He was satisfied, however. It was what he wanted—a hen. But we were left with six ganders! It seems David hadn't been very expert at the sexing business. We had had five ganders and one hen, and had swapped the only hen for another gander. That year we gave up geese.

ONE DAY, after we had adjusted to life here and were beginning to feel a part of the community, I decided that I'd walk over to see Mrs. Morse and Emmy, her daughter.

Although she'd had a long siege with a fractured hip, Missy was always so cheerful and alert I felt she had some wonderful secret. I think she did give out something that afternoon; it was the fact that at the age of 90 she was still responsive to things outside herself and kept alive, inside, a light she'd lit to beauty.

I had walked from our house to theirs—at least three miles. I drank a glass of milk and had some cookies. We had talked of painting, for Missy had painted when she was a girl. We also talked of gardens and farmers'

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co-operatives. And just before I was to leave I told them of David's plan to get some day-old chicks. I said he wanted to get geese too. I admitted that I thought there was nothing so cunning as a baby goose, if they'd only just stay goslings.

Then, as I got up to go, Missy said, "Emmy, give me my cane."

"You'd better rest, Mother," Emmy said.

"I ain't dead yet."

"You don't want another fall like you had last year, do you?"

"No, I don't," Missy said. "Just the same I'd like a power to see them baby geese."

"You better rest," Emmy said.

"Fiddle!" Missy sucked her mouth into her gums, and for a moment she looked incredibly old. Then she cocked her head on one side and said to me, "You want to see them little goslings, we got, don't you? All green-gold with black shadows, the way they are now?" Missy looked at me enticingly and a hundred wrinkles gathered by her bright blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, I do, Mrs. Morse," I agreed hastily. "But I can stop and see them on my way home."

"You think you can," Missy said, "but you'll not see them little geese lessen I'm along."

"Why not, Mrs. Morse?" I asked.

"Because you'll not know how to ask her, that's why."

"Ask who, Mrs. Morse?"

"Ask the goose, you goose."

I laughed as she meant that I should. Then she reached out and put

her long-fingered hand on my knee.

"You have to say, 'I hear you have some little ones.' "

I don't know how she did it, but she brought the whole wonder and mystery of life into her voice. Then it became matter-of-fact Maine again.

"Give me my cane, Emmy! I don't care even I do fall again, I just got to see them new little geese."

It was a bit difficult getting her down the three steps that led from the front stoop to the walk. But I helped her, and we finally made it to the shelter built for the geese at the end of the pond. Sure enough, there was a slim, beautiful goose. Her neck was a long and shiny black, her body feathers were more brown than gray, but touched with an evanescent quality that gave them a silver sheen. The goslings were nowhere in sight.

As we came near, the mother goose cocked her head on one side and her small shoe-button eyes gleamed. Then, scenting me a stranger, she hissed. It was a hiss that meant business, and I was about ready to beat my usual retreat.

I looked at Missy. Her head was cocked on one side too, and as I looked a sound broke from her throat. It wasn't a quacking or a hissing. Whatever it was, it satisfied that goose, for she stood up, stretched her neck high and flapped her wings. The whole aspect of her body was proud and triumphant. Then she answered Missy with a sound so similar that I was quite taken aback. You could see the goose had been waiting for this

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moment to show her chicks to Missy.

Between her feet I saw there were two tiny yellow goslings touched with soot. As the hen urged them forward from under her feet, the little goslings made odd chirping noises. They were frightened and, as they were pushed out into the cold world, they grew more frightened. Their voices reached a crescendo that demanded reassurance. From Missy's throat came the answer.

Whether it was surprise at having so exact an answer, or whether Missy really could say things that only the wild geese could understand, I don't know. I only know the little geese were reassured and ceased their chirpings. Surely, I thought, these are the most adorable of all small living things. I was glad Missy had brought me. She was right, I never should have seen them "lessen she was along."

THE FIRST SUMMER we lived in Maine I used to take walks up to the old Elfolk place just to see old Elfolk sitting under the elm tree—at his feet a field of lemon lilies, behind him masses of rambler roses. They almost completely covered the wing of the house—those roses.

It was in July, three years after we bought our place, that Mr. Elfolk died. In a curious way I found myself chief mourner at his funeral—that is, outside of a nephew who came from Sweden. It was all because of a floral tribute I sent.

When old Elfolk died, I thought I'd make a spray to send to his funeral.

I had plenty of time and my garden that year was perfect, just right for a funeral spray. But the spray got away from me. It got bigger and bigger. Dozens of gladioli went into it, augmented by dozens of asters. I had backed it with green cardboard on which I had arranged broadleaf ferns from the woods. When it was finished it was breathtaking.

I had attached a card. The undertaker, not knowing Mr. Elfolk or us, and being unable to get my questions through to the nephew who spoke only Swedish, assumed we were relatives. He put our name at the very head of the list of mourners.

When we arrived, my husband lingered outside with the men and I was ushered into the seat of honor by the casket. At first I thought others would be shown in to sit with me, but I was to mourn alone.

I liked old Mr. Elfolk and I was genuinely sorry he was gone, but the situation struck me as terribly funny. I started to laugh—silently, hysterically. Fortunately I had a handkerchief. I lowered my head, raised my handkerchief and cried! That was the spectacle that met the startled eyes of my husband when he came in with the other men from outside—me apparently weeping by the bier.

Quietly the funeral service commenced. I was caught. The nephew and I sat alone with the body while all Mr. Elfolk's friends and neighbors sat in the next room.

It must have made talk, but the neighbors didn't seem to hold it

by Elinor Graham

against me. Once you are taken in, in these parts, your peculiarities may be commented upon, but rather lovingly than otherwise.

The people of Maine mean more to me than the country. But encouraged by people like Missy, or driven by my own restless nature, I have wandered through the woods and down enough country lanes to be fairly well aware of Maine's beauty.

I think I know what Maine has that is most precious to give. It is the windy ledge, the small wild footprints in the snow, the hidden pastures in the woods, the islands in the bays and experiences like being shrouded in fog so that nothing comes through but the high wild cry of sea gulls. It is the honking of geese as they fly overhead or being out in the snow so many hours that when you return to your well banked house you relax with almost painful enjoyment before an open fire.

One spring, hunting for arbutus, I saw a narrow road between tall trees. The obvious comparison was a cathedral aisle, so of course I thought of that. Quietly, I stood for several minutes, and as I looked a young deer passed. If it knew I was there, it accepted me as part of the woods.

I gathered my arbutus and walked on down the aisle to where it seemed to end, and came upon a clearing in the woods where apple trees were in full bloom. Long ago an orchard had been planted there, for beside the blossoming trees many dead ones stood. It was a lovely sight, great bou-

quets of bloom in gnarled old hands.

But summers here in Maine are all too brief. For a month or two one lies on the rocks in the sun. The sea is tranquil. Evening and morning are kind and mellow. Just when you've decided that life has nothing more to offer than the calm content of summer, it "comes off a cold snap," which hits you with the force of a baseball bat. You stagger into your house and prepare for winter.

IT WAS THE third winter that we started to know people in Brunswick. Brunswick is a college town. I am convinced that if you contemplate moving to the country, and you have any cultural interests, you'd better snuggle down near a college.

The college plays are fun, and the director at Bowdoin is way above the average. The first part I acted at Bowdoin was Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. It was a field day for me! Not for anything in the world would I have missed a rehearsal. It led to certain arguments.

David had to drive me in to every rehearsal, wait for me and drive me back. He tried to get me to go less often, but the part of Portia, I felt, required a great deal of rehearsal.

That decided it. David said, "If you have to go to Brunswick so frequently, you'll have to learn how to drive a car." It was an ordeal I'd rather not have to experience again. I am nervous, and that hulking mechanical thing gave me nightmares.

Of course, by now I am an expert

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driver. I keep having little accidents, it is true. But they are generally the other fellow's fault. I think the proof lies in the fact that I am always hit in the rear of the car.

These days I can't do much driving. I have only an "A" card for gas. If I had gone to the Board and told them my station wagon was listed as an ambulance I probably could have got a "C" card, but I felt that would be cheating. I can't imagine the car will be used often as an ambulance.

When a doctor from Freeport called about it, I didn't understand. He said, "Would you be willing to give your car to the town as an ambulance?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know. I'd have to ask David about a thing like that."

I thought he meant he wanted our station wagon as a permanent conveyance for the town hospital.

"It's like this, Elinor," he said. "We have emergency stations in the Freeport district. For each of those nine stations we have a volunteer ambulance. If Freeport is bombed, the ambulance will be called out to take the injured to the emergency stations where they will be treated before going on to the hospital."

"You mean you want my car in case Freeport is bombed?"

"Yes," he said. "Will you ask David about it, and let me know?"

"I don't have to ask him," I said. "Don't give it thought. My car will be available for the emergency."

"Of course," he said quickly, "we had better get some other driver."

"No," I said, "although I hate blood and gore, though I'm sometimes a nervous driver, I don't hesitate in this case. Put my car down with me as the driver. After all, this is War!"

WE ALWAYS TAKE IN as many Maine country fairs as possible. Some years we have journeyed as far afield as Machias or Skowhegan to catch a good fair, but we have finally come to the conclusion that our own Topsham Fair is the most colorful.

It was at the Topsham Fair four years ago that I won the white elephant that subsequently turned me into a button collector.

On the way down the midway, exhausted, and seeking a place to sit down, my eyes lit on the Bingo tent. There was a place to sit. I dashed in and grabbed a seat, only to find myself playing in a double game of Bingo.

Now I've never won anything in my life. But all of a sudden I looked down, and I had Bingo on both cards. In a weak voice I said, "Bingo"—and everything stopped. They checked and counter-checked the way they do, and I had won.

I was told I could have one prize of my own choosing and one of theirs. "Or" — and the man's voice was weighty — "you can have one of those handsome puffs up there."

"Up there" was nearly at the top of the tent. Unfortunately the silk at the top of the tent was rayon in the hand. Too late, I had made my choice.

by Elinor Graham

My good luck ruined the day for me. I kept thinking of the life-size, giant panda I might have had, and I didn't need the puff anyway. The more I thought of the panda, the less I thought I could face seeing that comforter around the house. But it was definitely too good to throw away. David got the bright idea—why not give it to Mrs. McKee?

We stopped at her house on the way back and presented the puff. She was all of a heap.

I quite honestly told her how I'd come by the beautiful puff. The next day she called me on the phone, "Elinor, can you come up here?"

"Yes," I said. "What's up?"

"I have some things for you."

So I went up. My real prizes for the Bingo game were on Mrs. McKee's table. A handsome Waterford pitcher, a Currier & Ives print, since exhibited at the Bowdoin College Museum, and, most exciting of all, a box of buttons!

"But I can't accept such gifts," I protested.

"I'd like to know why not," Mrs. McKee replied. "You gave me something you didn't want. Now I'm giving you some things I don't want."

Such buttons I had never seen! There were glass buttons with flowers blown into them, dogs and horses, and small jewel buttons. There were cameo-head buttons, birds and bees, and fairy-tale buttons with scenes from fairy tales.

I had then one of the best times I have ever had in my life. I had

found my hobby—collecting buttons.

The year that David ran for the State Legislature was the year that I made my killing in buttons. I was heart and soul interested in his campaign. I was also interested in antique buttons.

I had the fun of participating in David's campaign (though the fact that I gathered buttons may have been used against him), and at the same time I got to know a lot of people that I wanted to know for a long time.

Politics was only an excuse the evening I went to see Hannah. When she saw who was calling, she looked flustered for a moment. But in less time than it takes to write it, her expression changed to glad surprise.

Her two boys were sitting by the stove with the oven door open. Their shoes were off, and they were drying their socks and warming their feet. They had been building a snow horse, big enough to ride upon, out by the barn. I asked them if I might see the horse, and after a bit of shy refusal they led me to the barn.

That started the friendship off right. Then one of them asked if I would like to see his rabbits. It took quite a while to be properly appreciative. It was dark when we went back to the house.

I asked if I might use the phone to call David, and when Hannah said yes, I told him to come to Hannah's in the car and get me.

"No such thing!" Hannah cried, and called into the phone, "Don't

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pay no account to that, Mr. Graham, I'll bring her home.

There was nothing I could do about it. Tired as she was, with the dinner yet to get, she took me home. I never even remembered to speak of David's campaign, nor of buttons. But on the way home Hannah spoke of both.

"Ben's always been a registered Democrat," she said, "but he says he's goin' to change over for Mr. Graham. Ben likes him real well, and it's real nice havin' someone on the Point runnin' for office. I was a-plannin' to come over to see you folks," she said, "after I get a chance to go a few more places that I know about for buttons."

"For me!" I said, and I must have shouted my surprise.

"Yes," Hannah said. "It was real nice of you to send them wool scraps that I was gettin' together for old Mrs. Storer that time."

Good heavens! That was several years before, and I had honestly forgotten it. But now I remembered that Hannah had let it be known that she was collecting wool pieces for old Mrs. Storer, who was never going to walk again, and needed plenty of work for her hands. I had done no more than any other neighbor, and here was Hannah going on.

"Effen I can find buttons like you want, I'd like to get you some."

Well, of course, in a way it was awful. It was like having a drag with a doctor, who was willing to pick up buttons from his grateful patients.

Hannah had been doctor, nurse, mid-wife, cook and laundress for countless houses on the Point. Nor was she confined to our locale—her friends were legion, and the people she had helped lived everywhere.

When Hannah came with buttons, she came with baskets and with boxes. "Take your time," she'd say. "Just you look through 'em, and take out what you want." Many of the buttons had lain for a hundred years or more in farm lofts or open attic chambers. And have I got a good button collection!

BOTH DAVID AND I are inclined to be co-operative. I couldn't count the national and local co-operatives that have David on the list.

Not only are we co-operators. We feel that we should take an interest in all the community happenings. From the beginning David and I were interested in the machinations of the clique that seemed to run the town. We were also interested in our taxes. Thus, we have always gone to town meetings.

I just sit back and watch and listen, and form opinions that too often are erroneous. Measures pass that seem to me unfit for human consumption. But the disease that I think lurks in the measure never has the killing effect that I expect. It has been proved to me many times here in Maine that the body politics, as well as the human body, can take an awful lot of abuse.

For instance, many people would

by Elinor Graham

not approve of the way David and I ate the white turkeys on the farm, just before they died a natural death. We did, though. We ate them and enjoyed them.

The white turkeys had developed some kind of liver complaint. That first bird had died on the perch, so we didn't feel justified in eating that one—but the others we ate.

I know how this sounds. But there was never any danger after the first one we actually ate. We should never have dared to eat it if we hadn't just heard a story from a friend who owned a chicken ranch.

One night there was a panic in one of our friend's chicken houses. Some 25 pullets were crowded into a corner with half a hundred on top. The 25 were smothered to death. It was a financial blow, but he did what he had to do. He buried them.

Then he made his way to the house where a neighbor was waiting to see him. When the neighbor had transacted his business, he inquired about the chicken business. Naturally our friend told him of the calamity of the night before.

"Dead," he said, "25 of 'em. Just got through buryin' 'em."

"You what?" the neighbor asked.

"Buried 'em out back of the barn."

"How long they been dead?"

"Since last night or early this morning," was the reply.

"For Pete's sake!" the neighbor said. "Give me a shovel! There's no time to lose!"

He uncovered them, bought them

from our friend at a give-away price, bled them, took them home and his wife canned them. All winter they lived on the tenderest of young chicken without so much as a growl from the stomach in protest.

It was a lesson to us. If that man was smart enough to eat smothered chicken, we were smart enough to eat turkeys that were blinking their last blink.

Those turkeys have made me a lot more tolerant of many things, particularly of what seem to be cancerous growths in local politics.

We went to town meetings, but it took David six years to take the real plunge into politics. At that, it was a mite too soon.

David ran for the State Legislature on the Republican ticket. He came honestly by his Republicanism. His father and grandfather were old Union League Club members, and he had an ancestor who had run for an important national office on the Whig platform. As this was a "defection," we never mentioned it, but I occasionally ran in his Grandfather Beale who had been Surgeon General of the United States under Ulysses S. Grant. Alas, Grandfather did not get us elected, though we made a remarkable showing and everyone said he ought to try again.

Actually, David had too much against him. He was new in the community. He had no visible means of support. He had taken an interest in the C.I.O. union when it was trying to establish itself in Freeport, and

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he had me for a wife. Any one of these reasons was enough to defeat him.

WHEN I DISCOVERED the baby was on the way, there came the thought that every woman has: I may not live through childbirth; I may never know my child—what then? How will she know all the things that happened here on Flying Point before she was born? So I conceived the idea of this book for the baby.

Since her arrival, I've started to pick up all sorts of things for the baby. The barn is getting to be a doll and toy hospital, full of broken-down old things in need of reconditioning.

I actually went a little haywire on the black rag doll I dressed for her this Christmas. I started to make a mammy doll, but as it progressed, it became quite different.

I needed buttons for her blouse and buttons for her eyes—but all the buttons that I own are either historical or beautiful. David has often mourned their beauty. He used to say, "Ten thousand buttons, and not one for my pants." This is too true. In fact, for the doll's eyes I cut two buttons from an old pair of his pants.

It was on the hair that I actually ran amuck. I had meant to make a woolly fringe just showing beneath a bandanna. Instead I made plaits like Topsy's, numbering 24. On the end of each plait I tied a piece of cerise ribbon. That tipped the scales and turned my mammy doll into a very fast-looking colored gal.

By good luck my sister sent the

baby a conventional mammy doll for Christmas—bandanna, apron, gingham and all. I have retired my floosie to the cupboard where she belongs. Later on I may give it to her, if I decide it isn't demoralizing.

Now it is winter again, and we are living in a rented house overlooking Portland Harbor. It has been colder this winter than the first year that we came to Maine. We have had quantities of snow. When the thermometer makes a dizzy jump to 10 above zero, I take my hardy little edelweiss baby, wrap her in blankets and afghans and put her in my home-manufactured sled. Then Toby, hitched in a harness, pulls her up and down these streets surrounding the harbor.

We three moved to Portland Christmas week. The week before Christmas we had no idea of the move we were to make. The United States Navy gave the order, and in three days we had found that this wonderful house was available.

On account of the baby and the work she brought with her when she came, I had hardly been aware of the war. Here I am conscious of it almost every minute of the day—on the streets of Portland, in the Navy Relief office where I am a volunteer worker, but most of all in our house which overlooks the harbor.

Before the war, the harbor knew such sloth that, if you were not peering through binoculars every minute of the 60, you might miss that one tanker or tramp steamer that made port, once in a month of Sundays.

by Elinor Graham

Today the activity in the harbor is almost past belief. The variety of ships is so great that it would take a quiz kid or an officer in the shipping control office to name them all.

It is very entertaining, living on the Ship Channel, except when I stop to think that there is nothing to keep David from being sent anywhere in the world in line of duty. There are times when that thought gives me the shivers. But here I am being surcharged with patriotism, and if he is sent away from us I shall have this memory of our winter together in Portland and him in uniform, and me at least conscious of the war and what it means.

As I write, the sun has risen. It casts a long straight ribbon of gold down the ocean toward our shore. The light strikes the sea rocks, now covered with ice, and makes them pink as confectioner's sugar spun out at a country fair.

Due south on the horizon, I see four destroyers and a battleship. They must have slipped out into the impenetrable fog bank as the sun was rising, for they are far out already

and I had not noticed them before.

As long as we live in Portland nothing could be finer than this house on the channel. It has helped to bring our personal lives into a better perspective. This winter we have met and talked with men who have been torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic. The big ships and the small yachts that go by our windows are constant reminders of ways large and small of fighting and winning the war.

If David can return with us to Flying Point, that will be wonderful. But there is the possibility that he will be sent far away. If that is so, we will do our job of work in the Victory garden. He can think of us down on the farm digging in, and planning for the future.

There has been excitement here, and it will be hard to settle to the quiet tempo of country life. But I know, once adjustment is made, the rewards are unexpectedly beautiful.

When the time comes I will be ready to return, for at last I can say with Ruth who gleaned the alien corn:

"Thy country shall be my country
And thy people, my people."

It's Time for the Coronet Story Teller

As part of a pleasant evening of radio-listening, don't forget to tune in on your local Blue Network station for the Coronet Story Teller, a completely new five-minute program, every evening from Monday through Friday. The Coronet Story Teller brings you exciting and unusual tales for your relaxation and interest. If you enjoy a good story—don't miss the Coronet Story Teller . . . your local time band: 9:55 to 10:00 p.m. EWT; 8:55 to 9:00 p.m. CWT; 7:55 to 8:00 p.m. MWT; and 6:55 to 7:00 p.m. PWT.

January Round Table Roundup Letters on the question "Should America Feed the World?" ran 65

per cent to the affirmative. Sample reader opinions said that "the United States should help war-ravaged nations with food, seed and farm machinery until they're in a position to help themselves, since our land hasn't been devastated by the enemy and is therefore capable of playing a major role in post-war reconstruction . . . because we can't afford to let future generations starve—a hungry world is a menace to our own security

and hungry peoples are an easy prey for demagogues . . . because it is our humanitarian duty to help those who have suffered in this war."

Another 15 per cent believed we should help as much as we're able to, without impairing our own standard of living or causing suffering on the home front.

The 20 per cent who voted "No" to the question did so because they were against a "world dole," believed "we should first boost America's living standards," and that the task of feeding the world was "just too gigantic a job for any one nation."

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR JANUARY

For the best answers to "Should America Feed the World?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Mrs. Helen M. Wolfe of Logan, Iowa; second prize of \$50 to E. C. Moore of Philadelphia, Pa.; third prize of \$25 to Sgt. James Wade of Barksdale Field, La.; and prizes of \$5 each to Lucille B. Vairin of Louisville, Ky.; Cpl. George Chamberlain of San Francisco, Cal.; Arthur Beaumont of Amherst, Mass.; Bernard Cowan of Toronto, Canada; and Mrs. Russell L. Miller of Kansas City, Mo.

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The Coronet Round Table

Should Women Bow Out of Industry after the War?

A personal opinion by the well known novelist, Fannie Hurst

WOMEN TODAY show a growing reluctance to continue in industry after the war. They're like the wife who gets up to prepare her husband's breakfast, but the minute he's out of the house goes back to bed again.

Granted that the home offers the normal woman compensations for which there are no substitutes, apparently it also offers the line of least resistance. With housework no longer a 24-hour-a-day job—due to mechanized gadgets and after-school supervision for children—there is little excuse for intelligent women to cling to those four walls like a reactionary barnacle. If only they would realize that the industrial upheaval of this era has given them op-



portunities which are a springboard to a more active and stimulating life. And they need not relinquish the home.

Make no mistake about it: women are a cruel commentary on their own shortcomings. They don't want to pay the price of achievement outside the comfortable confines of the home.

But smart women know that such opportunities will make them more interesting and more desirable in their roles as sweethearts, wives and mothers. Women must not go on being retrogressive, reactionary and unimaginative any longer.

The time to act is now or never. Opportunity does not go around knocking indefinitely.

200 Dollars for the Best Letters on This Subject

For women to work outside the home will not endanger what is probably "the strongest structure in the social scheme," believes Miss Hurst. But others point to the unparalleled era of juvenile delinquency and repeat that a "woman's place" will never change. What is your reaction to the question? For the best letter of 200 words or less, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third best, 25 dollars; and for the five next best, five dollars each. Send your letter by April 25th to the Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Lowell Brentano (p. 97)



Guenther Reinhardt (p. 132)



A. S. Burrows (p. 15)



Elinor Graham (p. 161)

Between These Covers

• • • Lowell Brentano, author and playwright, achieved renown with his first production, when he and Fulton Oursler wrote a mystery hit called *The Spider* . . . An executive of the Foreign Press Association for five years, Guenther Reinhardt has fought against the Nazi spy system since 1931, when he published his first book against Hitlerism . . . A. S. Burrows is producer and chief writer of the radio series, *Duffy's Tavern*, which provides a laugh a minute . . . A raconteur of no mean talent, Elinor Graham, whose book, *Our Way Down East*, is condensed for Coronet, writes with deft charm.

